

The TATLER

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London
November 10, 1937



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The TATLER

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W. Davis

NOVEMBER THE ELEVENTH

*They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old; age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn;
At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them.—LAURENCE BINYON*

And the World said—



LADY HADDINGTON AND COLONEL AND LADY EDITH TROTTER

A snapshot taken when the Buccleuch Hounds opened their season with a meet at Mellerstain, Lord and Lady Haddington's Border home. Colonel Algernon Trotter and his wife, who is Lord Eglinton's sister, are Berwickshire neighbours and also have a house near Liberton in Midlothian

"The fox for pilot, the pack for chart,
Flying coat tails and flying start."

PATRICK CHALMERS' hunting novel in verse called "The Horn: A Lay of the Grassington Foxhounds," provides this *envo* for a week of opening meets and mustard baths. His little book is full of future quotations for those who habitually rely on Whyte-Melville and Surtees to adorn their foxy tales. At the opening meet of the Meynell, held at Major "Roddy" Verelst's place near Sudbury, I sighted through the car window Captain Maurice Kingscote, the Joint-Master; his handsome and popular daughter, Joyce, talking to Mr. James Hanbury, who is in the Greys, and was appropriately mounted; Dick Turner, erstwhile G.R., talking to Mrs. Gerald Johnson; Major Sweeting, who is the Duke of Devonshire's agent at Burton, talking to Mrs. Deuchar; and Major Francis Meynell, of Hoar Cross, descendant of "Joe" Meynell, the Hunt's famous founder and brother-in-law of Lord Dartmouth. Somewhat glum was Sir William Bass, known to his racing pals at Deauville as "The Cave Man." Next day the Duke of Rutland's hounds had their *première*, and on Saturday the Crawley and Horsham opening meet was considerably swelled by followers of the unfortunate Southdown, which prosperous hunt (both its Masters are millionaires) is h. de c. with f. and m. Work that out.

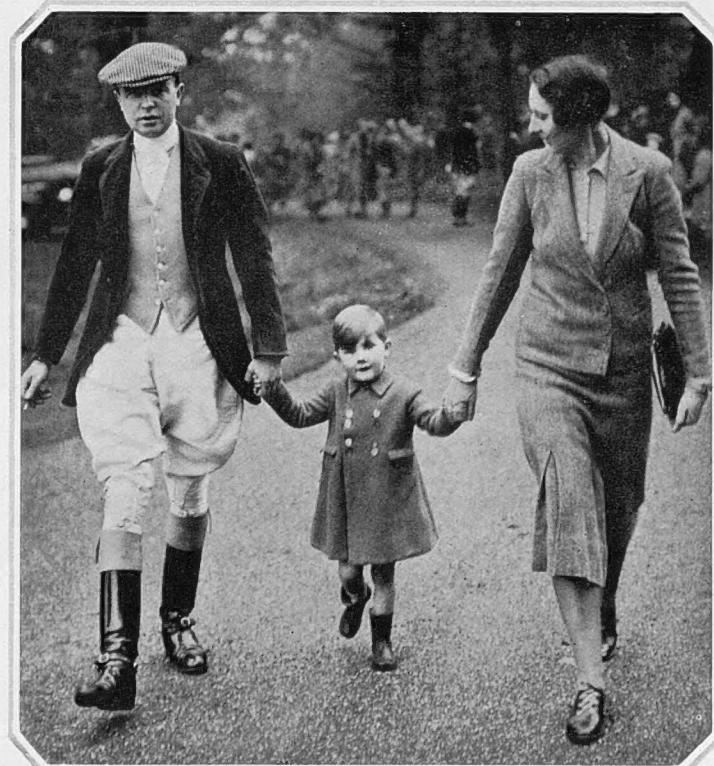


Elizabeth Corcoran

LADY GLORIA FISHER

The former Lady Gloria Vaughan, who has been married since 1935, celebrated her twenty-first birthday this year. She is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Lisburne and this summer was

helping to entertain for her débutante sister, Lady Honor Vaughan. Lady Gloria Fisher's husband, Mr. Nigel Fisher, is Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare's son by her first marriage with the late Commander Sir Thomas Fisher, K.B.E., R.N.

Howard Barrett
AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE BELVOIR

Mr. Dennis le Marchant, son of Brigadier-General Sir Edward le Marchant, Mrs. le Marchant and their very young hopeful, Peter, a most engaging small person. Leadenham House was the opening fixture of the Duke of Rutland's Hounds. A busy though rather merry-go-round day followed

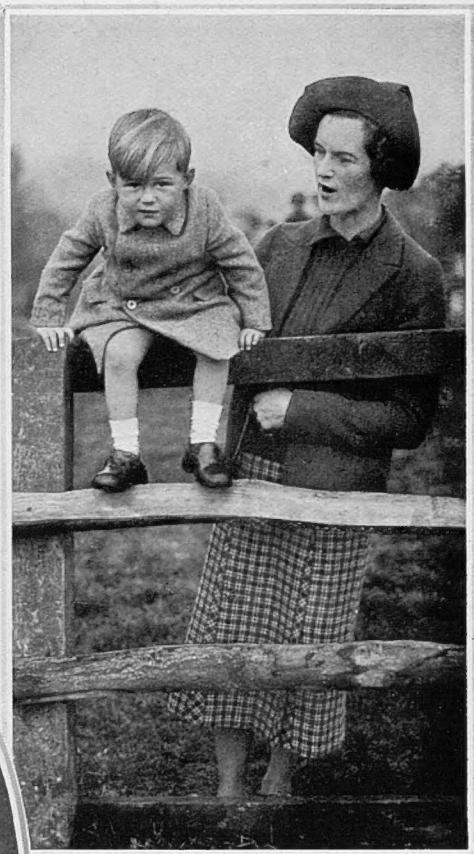
Another Sport of Kings and common men does not gain glamour with the mouldering leaf, and a more olde worlde meeting than Hurst Park I wot not of. It is difficult to see, especially if you happen to be boxed behind Rupert Byass, and the bar, rivalling the Shanghai Club for length, invariably has too many in front and not enough behind. However, I like the lady with the Alexandrine fringe who says, "Don't h'ask me for coffee, dear, h'ask the man." She could understudy Cicely Courtneidge. There was sympathy for Mr. Lionel Montagu on the overtaking of Rao Sahib in the last stride, and for Sir Harry Lyons, whose Royal Salute would have liked it harder. Sir "Skipper" Ward, also known as "Mel," wore a blush pink in his coat; Prince Aly Khan again forgot his hat; and Lord

Londonderry brought a silver-topped cane such as Miss G. B. Stern collects. He listened to the Aga, which and who is always wise. Durhams, Stanleys and the Stewards, Lords Derby and Zetland, did their duty. The prettiest were Lady Worthington-Evans with Mrs. Edward Mann; escorted by David Heneage, Diana Bethell; Mrs. Clive Graham (surrounded by eight boys, including her husband), and Lady Elisabeth Oldfield with her husband. Patricia Oliphant, pointed out as engaged, was walking with Mr. Carlisle (her sister is Mrs. Tony Vivian), and Violet de Worms was backing "Cheekie Charlie" because of her brother's nickname. All there—Lady Mar talking to Lady Cooke (a well-liked pair); "Quinny" Gilbey, wearing a new pepper-and-salt three-piece; Enid, Lady Chesterfield; Vivian Cornelius, alone in a new angora waistcoat, and the Handicapper in his O.E. tie.

* * *

The old school is having a tally-ho at the Savoy on the fourteenth of next month for the Eton Beagles, a pay party got up by Lady Warrender (who has writers' cramp from writing over three hundred letters about it) and ten "mothers"—Lady Allendale (for long the Yorks' neighbour in Piccadilly), Lady Carlisle, Lady De La Warr, Lady Hillingdon, her sister, Lady Stanley, Lady MacAndrew, Lady Plunket (let's hope Dorothe dances), Lady Westmorland, Mrs. "Ronnie" Tree and Mrs. Euan Wallace, whose husband's constituency includes "Ally Pally." The Beagles are not exactly in a bad way but, like the best of us, they need an income. From Etonians old and tender I hear praise for Mustians, the new house with the old Buckinghamshire name. It cost thirty-five thousand and is the last word in common-sense comfort, with tall Claude Beasley-Robinson as m'Tutor. A wit said: "There are only three freemasons in this country—to be a Scot, a Jew or an Etonian." Only persevering Scots could get into Lady "Bella" Blunt-Mackenzie's minute flat, and once in, they stayed at this lively little explorer's party

to celebrate brother "Rory" Tarbat's birthday. There were songs in Russian, German, American and, I rather think, Gaelic, including a birthday ode ending in vodka, no heel-taps. Lady Tarbat, Mrs. Peter Dudgeon, Miss Una Maclareen in an astra-



LADY CHOLMELEY AND SON
WATCHING THE BELVOIR

Montague, Sir Hugh and Lady Cholmeley's only son, was born in 1935, so he is starting bright and early to make the acquaintance of a bit of honest-to-goodness Leicestershire timber. The picture was taken the day the Belvoir opened their season on the Leicestershire side at Croxton Park, near Grantham, adjacent to which is Sir Hugh Cholmeley's seat, Easton Hall



Vandyk
LADY BRABOURNE

The Governor-Designate of Bengal and his consort were the guests of the East India Association and the Royal Empire Society at a farewell luncheon on November 4, the day before the feast of one Guy Faux. Lady Brabourne is the youngest of the Marquess of Sligo's three sisters, and Lord Brabourne only recently concluded his term of office as Governor of Bombay



THE HON. "TAFFY" AND MRS. RODD
AND THEIR CHILDREN

And, as will be seen, some assorted watch-dogs. The Hon. "Taffy" Rodd, whose real names are Gustaf Guthrie, is Lord Rennell's youngest son, and used to be a sailor, and also served in the R.A.F. The two boys are John Tremayne and David Saul, and their mother, who was married in 1932, is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Marling and a sister of the present baronet, Sir John Marling, who succeeded his uncle, Sir Percival, the V.C.

artist in a wider medium—the world—is Rosita Forbes, who has written about the ten most interesting men she has met in her extraordinarily interesting life. "These are Real People," brilliant, roving chronicle, includes the only man she has ever been afraid of. "Zita," most complex of talented beings, retains the open, rounded writing of a twelve-year-old.

In America they take talent and culture more seriously, worshipping, rather blindly, the "worth-while." In New Hampshire there is a forest colony for writers, artists and composers run by the widow of composer MacDowell. There are twenty-four studio huts sufficiently far apart to be high C proof. Some inmates pay rent, but indigent genius is aided from a fund into which Mrs. MacDowell contributes her concert earnings. Her committee decides the merits of each case and the length of the allotted tenancy. There are disappointments but many

Continued overleaf

And the World said—*continued*

successes have also been incubated. Willa Cather wrote part of "Death Comes to the Archbishop" there, and Thornton Wilder his "Bridge of San Luis Rey." Carl Carmer composed the song hit, "Stars Fell on Alabama," and Hervey Allen and Stephen Vincent Benét have worked in the same sanctuary. Stokowski, director of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and reported fiancé of Greta Garbo, suggested an extension on the French Riviera. I do not see this working out. The *genii* would either migrate to Monte Carlo to get rich quicker, or find themselves at one of Mrs. Cartwright's parties, from which none willingly withdraw. There is a natural colony of artists, writers, dancers and village bowlers at Saint Paul, and neither France nor England takes kindly to organised production of great art. Perhaps as peoples we are too ready to laugh at little things, at silly everyday jokes like "Clochemerle" (the funniest modern French novel) and the local licensing laws to feel altogether happy about a drive for conscious uplift. The French and the English laugh readily at themselves, which is why they are the only civilised nations; but not always at the same things, which is why they occasionally call each other names.

* * *

Mrs. Staley Pudduck's party at Nantwich, in Cheshire, was for second-daughter Joyce's twenty-first. Between two and three hundred danced at the Brine Baths Hotel, arriving late owing to fog. Making up for lost time were contingents from Staffordshire and Shropshire, including "Pam" Crossley in black (it was practically black and white night), and from London Cecil Hutchinson, Elizabeth Irons (white with black edges), Sir Frederick Coates, whose sister Jean is just engaged, and Michael Parrish. Local favourites whose programmes (the covers read "Joyce") filled quickly were Rosemary Parker-Jervis, Helen Cotton, and the Maxwell-Woosnam sisters, Denise and "Penny." Pretty sisters from Newbury, Angela and Diana Barwick, stayed with the hostess, whose sisters, Mrs. Stewart Johnston (mother of débutante Beryl) and Lady Joseph of Alsager (mother of débutante Rosamund), brought parties. Popular Diana Hayward was pointed out to me, and Miss "Pat" Lees, from Staffordshire.

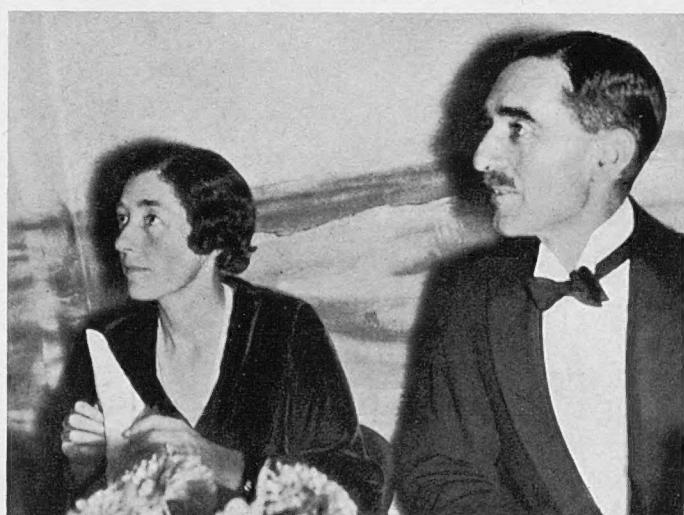
* * *

Night life is reviving in the Metropolis, stock markets notwithstanding. The most amusing cabaret is at the Embassy Club, where Major Eric Dugmore imitated a cuckoo clock



WHEN THE H.H. MET AT BURKHAM HOUSE

Lieut.-Colonel Miles Courage, M.F.H., with General Sir George Jeffreys and his wife, Lady Cantelupe, who were at home to the H.H. on November 4. Colonel Courage, Mr. George Evans's new Joint-Master, has long-standing associations with Hampshire, and was High Sheriff in 1930. He is a cousin of General "Giles" Courage, Joint-Master of the Bicester, and, like every member of the large and popular Courage "clan," lives up to his name across a country. Colonel Courage married the late Lord Beatty's only sister



LORD AND LADY ABERDARE

Dining at Harringay before the Eddie Phillips-Arno Kölblin contest. Lord Aberdare, one of the finest all-round athletes Winchester ever produced, was well chosen as Chairman of the Government committee for making Great Britain 100 per cent. fit for anything. His wife, the former Miss Margaret Bethune Black, is a cousin of Lord Glentanar and the Duchess of Wellington

between turns. Dancers from Hollywood, Earle and Josephine, will make Estelle and Leroy (now at Bagatelle, Paris) look to their laurels and learn the Big Apple, not that the latter charming pair has much to fear; and as for Benny Ross and the girl who won't play or sing or say anything except "yais"—well, they're what old-fashioned people call a wow. Watching were the Seafields, the Charles Sweenys, the "Leo" Lonsdales, Lady Stanley of Alderney in a Baroque print with sleeves, Sir Alfred Reade and his wife, Sir William Garthwaite and his, Lady Cambridge following "Billy" Fiske's new steps, the Elibanks with the Dresselhuys and Arthur Evans, Mrs. Buckley in her rubies, the Hugh Campbells, Edward Wills', Sheila Roche, the very attractive Mrs. Emmanuel, who is Mrs. Walter Russell's daughter, and most of the old Thursday crowd; the best-timed entrance and exit being by Derek Blyth and a veiled lady. A new edition of the Dorchester floor show draws a crowd, including the "Fred" Sigrist (off to Florida at the end of the month) and the Cuthbert Stewarts, who never stay put long and are now trying South Africa. The Ritz is tip-top on Tuesdays as well as Wednesdays, while at lunch it feeds many famous faces. As you exchange your hat for the time of day Michael Arlen's voice, of a 1919 Guardee, booms against the string band, and Frank Redeker, a fashion-plate from "Esquire," heels the pile whistling complacently. Lady O'Neill, in a lovely yellow cloth topcoat, Sylvia Régis de Oliveira in a summery pink skull cap, Ralph

Midwood, from Cheshire, and Baronin Gisela von Krieger, of the Palm Court. Someone says she's sorry she's late, but she has been to a bumper meeting of Seymour Leslie's. Now, it's a funny thing that the average morning committed is attended by the hostess, the organiser, and three elderly ladies addicted to good works, *faute de mieux*, while Mr. Leslie's meetings remain gala-gala through fogs and 'flu. He has already hypnotised aides into selling six hundred tickets for the Le Touquet Ball on December 15, and the hundred ladies on the committee feel honoured to be there. H.E. the French Ambassador is the Ball's patron, and I hope M. Récoussine will bring the Hermitage Bar over for the night to vie with Mr. Badrutt, who is bringing the Palace Bar to the Cresta Ball. These little exchanges add a *je ne sais quoi* to a London not quite itself. King Boris was relaxing after the first Bulgarian Army manoeuvres to be held since the Peace Treaty. He is a good ruler rather than an implacable force, for which blessing let Europe give thanks.

*Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street***H.H. THE PRINCESS DIMITRI OF RUSSIA**

The Princess, of whom these are two recently taken portraits, is very well known in London, where she and her husband spend most of their time and have a house. She was formerly the Comtesse Golemf Schiff Koutouzoff, and married the fourth son of H.I.H. the late Grand Duke Alexander Michailovitch of Russia, a brother of H.I.H. the late Grand Duke Michael Michailovitch, the father of Lady Zia Wernher and of Lady Milford Haven. The Princess Dimitri is a sister-in-law of the Princess Andrew of Russia, the wife of the Grand Duke's eldest son

THE CINEMA

Fan Fodder By JAMES AGATE

IT is hardly possible to stir out of the house these days, much less see new films, for the masses of information concerning films that are in process of being made. My favourite batches of information, favourite because of their complete inanity and unwantedness, are ecstatically concerned with the manufacture at Denham of *A Yank at Oxford*. Here is a typical nugget exactly as it is sent me:—

"Highlights in the scenic backgrounds of the film, which presents authentically life amid Oxford's spires and ivied towers, include the world-famous Oxford-Cambridge track meeting and boat race, Eights Week ceremonies such as the bumping races and burning of the victorious boat in the college quad, the 'de-bagging' of Robert Taylor, the rite of 'sconcing,' encounters with the 'bullers,' and other intimate glimpses of undergraduate life in and out of college and on The High, as Oxford's most famous thoroughfare is known."

And here is another:—

"Fourteen changes of costume, designed by René Hubert, noted British stylist, will be worn by Maureen O'Sullivan in *A Yank at Oxford*, and nine changes by Vivien Leigh. They are all predominantly smart sports and day wear, Miss O'Sullivan's featuring combinations of three types of material, such as leather and fur on silks and woollens. Short bolero jackets and pleated flair skirts will be stressed. A boating frock and a skating outfit are outstanding. Most of Miss Leigh's costumes feature various types of fur trim and stress matching accessories."

Be it noted, too, that the staff consists of a great number of Oxford men, for the reason that it is "no easy thing to capture on celluloid that intangible atmosphere which has made Oxford a household word the world over, and which Oxonians carry with them wherever they go."

An extraordinary thing happened when I went to the Empire to see *The Bride Wore Red*. I sat the programme through, as wide awake as I am now, and yet I did not see this Joan Crawford film. It was exactly as if somebody in the staff had observed my modest entry and rushed to tell the management, who, knowing how markedly I prefer Loy to Crawford, substituted *Double Wedding*, the following week's film, and headed the showing with the words "Surprise Preview." I should more readily have believed that that was how it came about if I could more easily have found a seat. The truth is that there was a vast audience which had every air of expecting exactly this surprise. Appetite was whetted by some lovely pictures of Wells Cathedral that would have been lovelier still if it had not been found necessary to bathe them all in a horrible kind of pink moonlight. A second and much jollier apéritif was Mr. Bob Benchley showing us *How to Start the Day*, a recipe that boiled down to *How to Get Up and Stay Up*. *Double Wedding* is a mechanical enough business that would be nothing whatever without William Powell and Myrna Loy. He is a mad fellow who lives in a motor caravan, and she is a young lady unable to understand that he loves her and not her sister. The sister already possesses an oafish young man of her own who helps her at amateur theatricals. There is less than usual of the smooth light comedy we like so much from this combination, and an unusual amount of rough slapstick. The latter, of course, is a good honest thing in its way, though all this film's custards and confectionery would suit less talented faces just as well. The sisters, by the way, were called Margot (with the "t" pronounced) and Irene (with the last "e" silent so that it rhymed with "green"). Worse still, I clearly heard reference to a young lady called Hermione and pronounced "Hermoin" to rhyme with "coin." Pray Heaven the Americans don't take to calling their cuties Imogen or Cordelia! The news-reel followed, and then a "trailer" of *Double Wedding*, which is a ridiculous thing to see when you have just seen the film itself. And so *The Bride* at long last being imminent, I got up and went, but not before, while groping for hat and stick, I saw the abhorrent name of Molnar as its source and



MARLENE DIETRICH AND MELVYN DOUGLAS
IN THE NEW FILM "ANGEL"

This new Paramount film, which was produced and directed by Ernst Lubitsch, makes its bow to London at the Plaza on November 10 (to-day), and from all accounts gives the Dietrich the kind of part she likes best—a lady who is neglected by her somewhat detached diplomat husband, goes to Paris for a little trip in his absence and falls desperately in love with a good-looking young sportsman home on leave from India. She will not tell him her real name, so he calls her "Angel." The complications begin when she and he and the Diplomat meet!

had a glimpse with half an eye of La Crawford queening it as a sultry songbird in a grimy night-dive in Trieste. Millionaires came to gaze, and I desisted.

At home I was greeted with a great deal more news, or what one may call fan fodder, about the progress of Mr. Taylor's film. The new batch was entitled *The Who, Why and What of A Yank at Oxford*, and the first item to meet my sight was this:—

"Under the watchful eye of Ted Phelps, thrice world's champion sculler, Robert Taylor recently began his training as an Oxford oarsman on the River Thames. 'And all I have to do is walk around and watch him improve,' declared Phelps. 'Hundreds of men have been trained by me and no one has picked it up faster. That's not because he's Robert Taylor. It's because he's a natural born oarsman.'"

Which is breathlessly followed by an accident:—

"Tossed into three feet of water where there was supposed to be at least six, Robert Taylor came up with a dent in his scalp but a grin on his face, proving definitely that he can 'take it.'"

Had he failed here, I must suppose that one of the Oxonian technicians would have had to approach our hero and say: "So you won't take it, huh?"

And, lastly, this, wherein gossip seems to me to achieve its masterpiece:—

"Keen discerners may detect a suggestion of Magdalen in the great window beneath which sits Edmund Gwenn as the Dean, and as undergraduate Robert Taylor sits at table with his back to a perfect reproduction of a famous great oaken screen he occupies a similar position as did the Duke of Windsor when a student at Oxford."

So who, so why, and so what!

THE KENNEL CLUB'S



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MRS. B. B. RIVIERE, COLONEL H. M. WILSON, AND MR. B. B. RIVIERE



MR. MICHAEL STRATTON, ONE OF THE GUNS, AND MRS. STRATTON

Retrievers are extremely useful friends at this time of the year and a really good one is worth discovering: with this laudable object the Kennel Club's 26th Retriever Trials were held recently at Boughton Place, Maidstone, on Colonel G. B. Winch's shoot. Colonel Vivian was one of the guns; he is seen admiring Miss Bickerton's good-looking "Shelsley Nicky"; his wife, seen on the right of the page, is Lord Portarlington's sister. Captain Landale was one of those providing the material of the trials, and Major Lucas was judging. Two more judges were Colonel Wilson and Mr. B. B. Riviere, Mrs. Riviere acting as a steward. Mr. Michael Stratton, who was also doing some of the shooting, is seen taking rest and refreshment at lunch-time at Brishing Farm



Howard Barrett
ON THE BELVOIR'S OPENING DAY
AT LEADENHAM HOUSE

The Hon. Edward Greenall, the junior Joint-Master, and Captain William Reeve, who owns Leadenham, which is on the Lincolnshire side of the Belvoir country. Mr. Greenall, son of a former very famous Belvoir Master, the present Lord Daresbury (1895-1912), linked up with Colonel Gordon Colman in 1934.

be fewer than usual this season! During the summer I heard an anti-blood-sport merchant on the wireless assert that foxes were not indigenous to England, but were imported from the wilder parts of Scotland and Wales. Time he went to school again or came to the Midlands! Our jolly mid-October cub-hunting was limited to walking gingerly through cattle-poached and baked gateways, but the rain which arrived on Friday made it possible to keep with the Quorn on Monday, October 25. A good hunt from The Curate, ending with a kill at Little Belvoir, Pilk's and Elizabeth's new home. Hounds in fine form. Country far less blind than usual, or, at any rate, than last year. Wednesday with the Belvoir from Salby was a soaker. More foxes on the heath than last year. Just as well. Friday, the Quorn at Scrattoft. After a short ring killed two old foxes in the Hall coverts. Then had two short bursts from Scrattoft, marking to ground in the railway. Later, a nice hunt from Oak Spinney, through Botany Bay, round The Coplow and back to Ingarsby. Lot of people out, with more kicking horses than necessary.

The Belvoir had a five-mile point to clear their wind. Saturday, Rob Faulkner, the new arrival at Wools-thorpe, had a bad fall in a rabbit-hole and put out his shoulder. Bad luck, and we hope he will soon recover and show us the way on his good-looking stud. The Cottesmore had masses of people out on fat and fresh

From the Shires and Provinces

A Leicestershire Letter

Masters and huntsmen have had a difficult and anxious time with no scent and hard ground. However, cubbing has been thoroughly well done, and now that the welcome rain has come everything looks set for a good season's fox-hunting. We never can kill enough foxes in Leicestershire, for there are always too many; but there should

horses. After a ring from Ladywood, just missing Owston, they had a sharp hunt over a grand bit of country from Ranksboro' to Whissendine and slowly back to Noodles Lane.

The Belvoir had their opening day on Tuesday, November 2, at Leadenham. The Quorn and Cottesmore still cub-hunting throughout the first week in November.

From the Fernie

The long-awaited rain has come at last and the impress of the hoof can now just be discerned on the parched pastures. Meeting at Gilmorton on Monday, October 25, we welcomed our new Master, who was somewhat delayed owing to the tortuous by-ways taken to reach this goal. There was a fair muster of the regulars, who are increasing as time proceeds. Gilmorton covert was our first objective and held a good show of foxes. The Monday morning feeling was amongst the steeds, the spirited mounts of the Murray-Smiths in a particularly cheery mood, shortness of work owing to the drought being responsible for it. That plucky rider to hounds, Lady Dorothy Fraser, had come a long way to join the tryst. Lord Cromwell and the Calthorpe Crosses were also with the happy crowd who were interested in hounds. The environs of Walton Holt were pleasant riding after the quagmires of last season, and several foxes were in occupation. The Bosworth Gorse draw saw most of the field dispersing for home, and the ominous warnings of a thunder-storm, which broke later in full force, put paid to the morning exercise. Calm after storm was the prelude to the meet at Thorpe Langton on Thursday. The sun was shining brightly and a good field was present. Langton Caudel kept hounds busy for the early part, after which Stanton and Glooston Woods filled the remainder of the time out. The going was decidedly improved, but the ditches are still very blind and not to be trifled with. Glen Manor, the house of Mr. Kaye for many years, has now changed ownership, Mr. G. H. Payne, a former Joint-Master of the Woodland Pytchley, having purchased this delightful hunting box.



Poole, Dublin
CAPTAIN HARRY FOWLER AND MRS.
VICTOR PARR WITH THE MEATH

The opening tryst was at Killeen Castle, Lord Fingall's seat, which is on the south side of this fine country. Both Captain Harry Fowler and Mrs. Victor Parr are ex-Masters of these hounds, and the former, though we know he will hate to have it said, is one of the best men who has ever ridden over this formidable hunting demesne

Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings

We have really had some rain at last and the going is quite good, but the opening meet will not take place till November 8, much to the disappointment of some who are just longing to put on their new blue and buff! Alas, Her Grace, who has been suffering from jaundice, will not be hunting for some time, but we all hope she will now make a speedy recovery. Other invalids who will be absentees till Christmas are Mrs. Keith Menzies and Mrs. Kingscote, who have both undergone operations. Our sincere sympathy goes out to Col. Charles Turner, of Berkeley fame, who broke his leg going through a gateway. Everyone will miss "Burghie," who has been ordered abroad after Christmas by his doctor. His sale of hunters at Leicester was quite satisfactory, so we hear. Our one and only Simon handed in his cap and jacket at the end of the season, and his hard work as secretary will be greatly missed. Another change has been made in the point-to-point secretary, Captain Pat Vincent taking over the duties from Bill Harris, who has left us, alas, and gone to Warwickshire as A.D.C. Captain Lionel Lambart and family are now installed in their new abode at Sherston, and the boys won't forget to let him know it! We have had one or two nice little hunts so far, and all seems in order for a real good start.

From the Warwickshire

Going continued so abnormally hard up to Tuesday last that our Masters wisely decided to postpone the opening

(Continued on p. ii)



THE NOTTS
DINNER
TO SIR
LANCELOT
ROLLESTON
90
NOT OUT!

THE GUEST OF HONOUR AND SOME OF THE HOSTS

Left to right, standing: Col. Sir Albert Whitaker, Col. Sir Lancelot Rolleston, the Duke of Portland and the Duke of St. Albans

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR EDWARD LE MARCHANT
AND SIR HUGH SEELY, M.P.

This dinner to Sir Lancelot Rolleston, held at the Victoria Hotel, Nottingham, was in honour of his ninetieth birthday, which actually came to pass in August. It was mainly a South Notts Hussar dinner—a regiment which Sir Lancelot commanded from 1896 to 1906—and part of the Imperial Yeomanry, with which he served in the South African War, in which he was severely wounded. The officer alongside Sir Lancelot in the picture at the top, Sir Albert Whitaker, is the present Hon. Colonel of the Nottinghamshire Yeomanry, which is not the same unit as the South Notts Hussars (now field artillery). Sir Lancelot Rolleston was also very famous in the hunting world and was Master of the South Notts from 1876 to 1882 and the Rufford from 1889 to 1900, and so it was natural that in addition to his old Yeomanry comrades, the hunting world of the Midlands should be well represented, and notably by Sir Joseph Laycock. Sir Hugh Seely, the Member for Berwick, is an old South Notts Hussar, and Sir Edward Le Marchant, who is with him, is a former Sheriff of Nottinghamshire and well-known in the hunting world.

COL. PERCY CLIFTON AND COL. HOLDEN
(O.C., SOUTH NOTTS HUSSARS)COL. PHILIP WARWICK, LORD BELPER, BRIG.-GEN. SIR JOSEPH LAYCOCK
AND MAJOR T. P. BARBER

Photos: Howard Barrett



MISS ROSEMARY COHEN

Whose engagement to Mr. "Dick" Brewster Thornton was announced at the end of last month. Her fiancé is the elder son of the late Mr. T. B. Thornton and of Mrs. Thornton, of 31, Norfolk Street, Mayfair, and Glendoll, Angus. Miss Rosemary Cohen's father, the late Mr. Arthur Cohen, was a well-known stockbroker.

that might include a disturbance off the coast of Iceland moving south-east. They did not have a twice-daily newspaper in which ninety-five per cent. of all the news left a depressing feeling behind it; unless, peradventure, they belonged to that class—the majority, apparently—which can find emotional satisfaction in crime, sudden death, major accidents, divorce, and a world situation which seems almost entirely to be run by men of bad blood for their pet theories' own ends. They did not have the pleasure of reading that the average term of human life is roughly sixteen years longer, thanks to medical science and modern hygiene, only to face the common risk of being run into or run over any day.

From the point of view of what is now considered to be the wider, deeper, more universally comprehensive attitude towards modern life, they undoubtedly led a very bovine existence. Parochial even. But they did have peace. They were even contented—which is nine-tenths of happiness. Their amusements may have been few, but any little joy amused them—which is the only way to find entertainment in life at all times. I often wonder, indeed, if some of them could come back to live in modern times, whether they would not very soon be glad to return. Especially after the novelty of marvelling at modern inventions had revealed the human or aesthetic disaster which so quickly follows in the train of most of them. In the ordinary everyday, when the smallest happening is of consequence, who shall say that life is dull and narrow? There is nothing so dull or so narrow as a world which is fed by "sensation," and can only have its imagination sustained by mass-produced recreations.

Yet I can imagine a modern child finding Mr. Henry Warren's lovely book, "A Boy in Kent" (Bles; 7s. 6d.)—presumably the autobiography of his own childhood—the account of a very unexciting boyhood. And yet such is the charm of the book—or maybe the charm lies in the way it

A Lovely Autobiography of Childhood.

THE Good Old Days may have been Bad Old Days in many respects, but, at any rate, millions didn't go to bed each night in dread lest the immediate future would blow all their plans and dreams sky-high, and with only too depressing reasons for their discomfort. They didn't have to turn on the news every evening knowing only too well that the single item of general cheerfulness would almost certainly be the weather report, and even

is written—that I lingered lovingly over every paragraph, and at the end wished that the 220 pages might have been doubled. It is simply the story of a little boy whose father kept a bakery and grocery shop in a small country town in Kent and of the grown-up people who made up his own small world and the world of the little town itself; their occupations, their eccentricities, their varied lives; with their loves, hopes, sorrows, pleasures, all combining to form the pattern which made up the social life of almost any small country town—roughly thirty to forty years ago. And if there has ever been a pleasanter social life—social history has yet to record it. All this bygone peaceful happiness and sociability Mr. Warren has caught enchantingly through the eyes of a small boy. Himself when young, apparently. And just as in childhood small affairs loom big, so this book describes a number of small things which nevertheless had at the time all the importance of world affairs. Strangely enough, as we grow older we realise that most of these parochial interests still are of real importance, while the so-called world sensations appear like the ravings of a group of blind, infuriated monomaniacs-cum-lunatics, each one "anti" something or other to a man, but "for" nothing at all other than a vague idealism full of indigestible propositions.

Thus we come to know and love the little Kentish town of "Fladmere," its inhabitants and surroundings, as if it belonged to our own childhood and really had played a once-important part in our own lives. Through these memories we become perfectly intimate with the bakehouse, the shop, the five-acre field, the garden, the gentry, and the "gay invaders" (otherwise the hop-pickers), and long before the book is finished the whole scene has become as familiar and as lovable as if once we too had known and had lived in the neighbourhood for years. Those who have already read Mr. Warren's earlier book, "A Cotswold Year," will not need to be told of the charm which permeates this new book. Very few writers possess the least gift of painting the rural scene and real country folk as they are and have always been. The usual ghastly urban rusticity is as unlike the real thing as if a farm labourer were writing of dictators and duchesses. Mr. Warren is the exception. His books reflect the genuine countryside and the genuine country folk. To read "A Boy in Kent" is thus to live for a short while in a little country town before the motor had arrived, the jerry-builder had begun to devastate the land, and "litter" had become a serious problem. It is a lovely book, like a breath of fresh air in a room too full of noisy people.

No Fool Like . . .

If love be a disease, then the elderly hero of Paul Hervey Fox's novel, "The Antagonists" (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.), had it fatally. Sheppard was a very learned mathematician, famous throughout America in those places where figures and arithmetical problems are of supreme account. He had, of course, never had anything to do with women—as sex. Life had been too uphill all the time, and what success he had attained had been a too strenuous struggle to achieve for any pause to philander. In which he was unlike his younger brother, who was always finding odd jobs and losing them, yet always immensely optimistic concerning the ultimate outcome. No two brothers were surely less alike: the younger, Johnny, next door to a crafty nitwit; Sheppard, the elder, in the way of becoming another Einstein. Nevertheless, it is Sheppard whom Life demolishes, so to speak. And the instrument is a woman. Yet Mrs. Daly was remarkably unattractive. She was not young, and she jumped into bed with any man who so much as raised his eyebrows in her

(Continued on page 246)



MISS MARJORIE HUME

An attractive new portrait of an attractive film actress. On Sunday last Marjorie Hume gave a good cause the benefit of her dramatic ability by making a big success of the leading rôle in "Men and Wives" for the "G." Club

THE NEW ODEON'S



LORD AND LADY HAILESHAM ARRIVING AT THE ODEON



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER WAS PRESENT

OPENING NIGHT



LADY MAIRI STEWART AND LORD LONDONDERRY



LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND

Huge crowds packed Leicester Square for the opening night of the Odeon. The proceeds of the evening were divided between the National Trust for Scotland and the British Empire Cancer Campaign, and T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were present. The performance also marked an innovation since henceforward the Odeon will show pictures throughout the country immediately after their first appearance in London. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, was one of the huge audience of 2300 which saw "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Ronald Colman doubling the King and Rudolf Ras-sendyl. Lord Londonderry, the former Air Minister, probably appreciated the value of air-conditioning, which is a feature of the new theatre. Raymond Massey has a part in the "Zenda" film, as Black Michael



LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN WITH MR. AND MRS. RAYMOND MASSEY



LADY BRIDGET POULETT, PRINCE VSEVOLODE AND MISS MARIE SYMONS-JEUNE

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

direction. One can understand how such a woman could let loose all the suppressed, pent-up sexuality of a middle-aged man, but it was difficult to realise how any man, after the flood had been spent, would grovel before such a woman; especially after she had shown him that she loved him so little that she was perpetually unfaithful to him, even with his own brother, Johnny.

In the end he does obtain a certain power over her, the power to bend her to his will, but all the same it appeared a wasted energy. A good thrashing would have been as efficient and far easier. But where the story is most disappointing is in the metamorphosis of the character of Sheppard. In the beginning he arouses sympathy and understanding; in the end he becomes rather an old fool—simply because he becomes less a definite character than a means-to-a-novelist's-end; which was to prove that persistency can even quell the animalism of a woman who, beyond the needs of the body, has no other slant on life. The scene when poor Sheppard goes to one of his wife's lovers to fight him, and time after time returns horribly vanquished, was almost farcical. It seemed an unnecessary fury when any man whom Mrs. Sheppard met could scarcely keep her out of his bedroom. Nevertheless, the story is well written, the first half especially being powerful and convincing. Later on it became more difficult to take so much real interest in a born harlot and her almost mentally deranged, middle-aged lover.

Second Flood.

In his novel, "The World Ends" (Dent; 7s. 6d.), Mr. William Lamb "drowns," apparently, the whole of England, with the exception of one part of the Yorkshire moors, in order to segregate his characters. Presumably a variety of the desert island dodge. This cataclysm leaves six characters to work out their destiny while confined within a few acres of dry land. They are a Yorkshire farmer named Hutton, and his wife, his two sons, one daughter, and an author who had become wearied of London life and had escaped to the silence of the Yorkshire moors on the eve of the catastrophe which overwhelmed all the rest of England. With the exception of the author, Blake, I am bound to confess that the Hutton household took the event very philosophically. They continued to work on the farm as if market day in Northallerton were next Thursday! But then, prolonged panic would have rather upset the balance of this, essentially a short novel. The theme is to show the drama which would arise when seven people are isolated for a number of years on a piece of land entirely surrounded by water.

As the years pass and the girl grows up, Blake falls in love with her, only to be spurned by her as an "old man." This, however, does not lead to tragedy. For presently one of the girl's own brothers proposes to marry her, and she is willing. There was nothing else to be done, of course, if the race was not to die out altogether. Yet, even so, the event is taken quite calmly. In fact, there is strangely

little active drama in the whole story, in spite of its initial melodramatic premises. True, there is a fight between the two brothers, but the cause is small and the result quickly forgotten. Meanwhile, Blake, becoming really an old man, finds satisfaction in playing with Miriam's children and in listening subconsciously to the "proud, joyous, triumphant strains of the Third Brandenburg Concerto." Perhaps the story, as a story, is rather unsatisfactory, but it is very well written, though with a strange lack of any real emotion, considering the theme. It is as if the writer could no more sustain the dramatic quality of his first intentions than the Hutton family the Yorkshire idiom. Nevertheless, a novel so unusual in conception is always welcome.

A Charming Stylist.

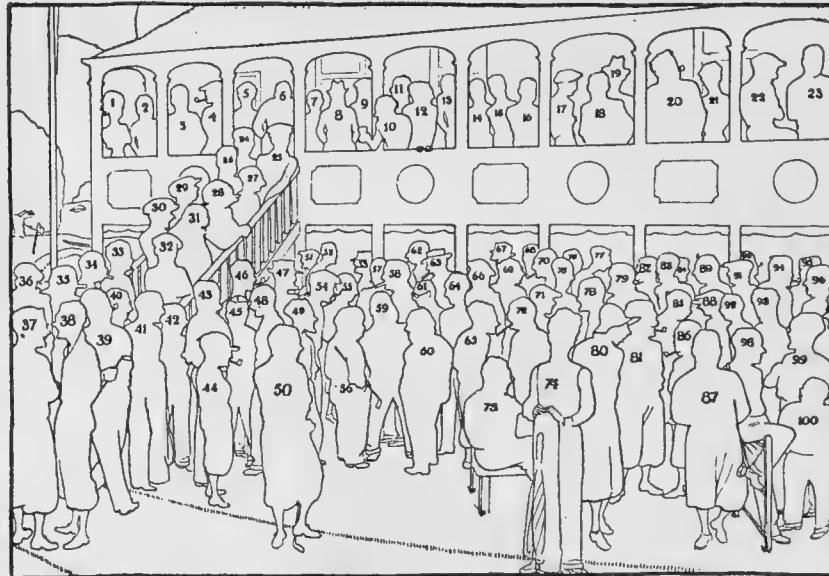
There is a charm about Mary MacCarthy's little book of eight short essays, "The Festival" (Longmans; 3s. 6d.), which, where it makes an appeal, will be found entrancing. There radiates from it a strangely intimate, quiet and rather lovely "atmosphere" difficult to define, but, somehow or other, resembling a delicate piece of lacework. The two best essays are undoubtedly the one which describes a small German Court before the war and the Pavilion at Brighton,

which, "though indeed Oriental, lacks the dignity of the East. As a palace (which cost the nation colossal sums to build), it is a failure; as something bizarre, run up for fun, 'a cottage orné' on an enormous scale, it may be said to be a success." But there is a delicate charm about the entire book. It is the kind of little volume which it would be nice to be given at Christmas—even though you may have already read it. Not only to read again the two essays already praised, but to catch once more a glimpse of poor Miss Vellum in the essay entitled "The Last of Miss Vellum," one of whose maxims was "Do not imagine because you have once been amiable that you are so still." How true that is! And how seldom observed by those no longer young!

Three Amusing Books.

And writing already hateful though it be,

since we only seem just to have torn up last year's last Christmas card!—here are three sure-fire successes with anyone possessed of even the tiniest sense of humour. They are "Hamish McDuff" (Methuen; 5s. net), by Frank Reynolds; "Private View" (Barker; 7s. 6d.), by Patrick Bellew, and "Cocktail Cavalcade," by Hynes (Werner Laurie; 7s. 6d.). The first is for a golfer, and if he doesn't delight in both the humour as well as Frank Reynolds' superbly comic illustrations, then, without a doubt, he must be the most pompous bore of the whole golf club. The second is for anyone who has an inborn sense of the ridiculous—farcical in the funniest manner. The third is for the more sophisticated, but the humorous "ice," although thinner, is, perhaps, the mentally wittiest of all. Each or all of these books will ensure a "Merry Christmas," no matter how many family bores are coming to stay in the house.



KEY TO GOLFING CELEBRITIES BY "MEL" ON PAGES 260-261

1. Rex Hartley
2. Francis Francis
3. W. Lister Hartley
4. Darsie Watson
5. "Laddy" Lucas
6. J. F. S. Morrison
7. J. S. Rowell
8. L. G. Crawley
9. Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.P.
10. Dale Bourn
11. Eric Fiddian
12. Count John Bendern
13. Roger Wethered
14. Dr. W. Tweddell
15. Hector Thomson
16. A. D. Cave
17. Eric Martin Smith
18. D. H. R. Martin
19. A. J. Evans
20. C. J. H. Tolley
21. A. Stanley Anderson
22. Tony Torrance
23. J. B. Beck
24. Commander R. C. T. Roe
25. Sir John Simon
26. Douglas Fish
27. H. G. Bentley
28. Bernard Darwin
29. Sir Harold Gillies
30. E. F. Storey
31. Sir Emsley Carr
32. E. Noel Layton
33. Bernard Drew
34. Lord Wardington
35. Lord Castlerosse
36. Capt. A. V. Hamble
37. A. G. Skinner
38. C. F. Stephens
39. Douglas Grant
40. Leonard Gullick
41. Major Guy Bennett
42. Major "Bill" Sarel
43. Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley
44. Major J. Collis Browne
45. H. C. Longhurst
46. "Bobbie" Howell
47. R. B. Weston-Webb
48. N. C. Selway
49. I. de Wynter
50. J. F. Pennink
51. W. Murray Brown
52. "Tiny" Rankin
53. Freddie Tipton
54. C. Rissik
55. Colin Booth
56. Joe Pearson
57. Peter Huxtable
58. Major P. C. Burton
59. Captain H. W. Parker
60. Major A. Whitley Laverack
61. F. Horton
62. W. Cranfield
63. Wilfrid Bigwood, J.P.
64. S. E. Banks
65. Jack Rhys
66. Stephen Humble
67. Cyril Woodbridge
68. Guy Bigwood
69. "Pop" Collier
70. A. J. A. Wallace Barr
71. Capt. J. C. W. MacBryan
72. Major W. Guise Tucker
73. Donald Cameron
74. Robert Sweeney, Junr.
75. Captain John Gelston
76. David Meredith
77. C. K. Cotton
78. G. C. Brooks
79. Lt.-Col. G. F. Collett
80. Lionel Munn
81. Jimmy Greenshields
82. W. A. Sanderson
83. R. O. Mobbs
84. Major A. R. Lovelock
85. John McCredie
86. "Digger" Carter
87. W. Sutton
88. J. S. Walker
89. Alan Simson
90. M. de J. Creswick
91. Bill Irvine
92. J. H. Irons
93. W. B. C. Miller
94. Robin Mays-Smith
95. Geoffrey Illingworth
96. C. D. Gray
97. R. T. Neill
98. J. A. Lang
99. Henry Birmingham
100. E. Hamilton

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CRESTA BRAVES AND THE FAIR AT QUEEN ANNE'S GATE



MISS JASMINE BLIGH WITH FILM-FAMED MR. VICTOR MCLAGLEN



MR. HUBERT MARTINEAU, MISS JOAN NORTH, MR. "BILLY" FISKE AND (BEHIND) CAPTAIN D'ARCY RUTHERFORD



MISS BETTY HOMAN TALKING TO CAPTAIN "JIMMY" COATS



SIR DUNCAN ORR-LEWIS, MR. "BOBBY" NOTHMAN AND MISS PAULINE HEPWORTH



MISS MICHAEL VYNER AND MISS MILLS SIT OUT WITH MR. ANGUS MACLEOD



COUSINS: MR. "MOUSE" (NIALL) CLEAVER AND MISS JUDY POLLOCK

The other day a party in connection with next month's Cresta Ball was given by Mr. Henry Horne at Mr. Ernest Thornton-Smith's house. Cresta-riders showed up well and special decoration was provided by the twenty-four lovelies chosen to sell programmes at the Ball. Captain D'Arcy Rutherford, admirable organiser, did the picking. He is seen modestly in the background of the group which features one of his choices, Miss Joan North, also Mr. Hubert Martineau, President of the St. Moritz Bobsleigh Club, and Mr. "Billy" Fiske, daring Olympic rider and crack ski-er. Television announcer Jasmine Bligh, Miss Betty Homan, Miss Pauline Hepworth, Miss Diana Mills, and film-actress "Micky" Vyner are five more young ladies who will be on duty at the Dorchester on December 9th. Also to be found on this page are the Hon. Ben Bathurst, President of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, which sponsors the annual Cresta Ball; that splendid veteran rider "Brab," who now has to compete with two grown-up sons; Captain "Jimmy" Coats, winner of the Cresta Grand National, 1935 and 1936; "Mouse" Cleaver, super-speedy racing ski-er; and Angus MacLeod, Cresta rider and bobsleigh brake.



MR. DAVID LOOKER AND THE HON. BEN BATHURST



FINANCIER MR. HENRY HORNE (HOST) AND COLONEL MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P.

RACING RAGOUP

: By :
GUARDRAIL



AT HURST : MR. DOUGLAS-PENNANT,
THE DOWAGER LADY PENRHYN AND
CLIFF RICHARDS

Lady Penrhyn had Samarkhand running in the Autumn Plate, the long-distance race at the recent Hurst Park meeting. It was no more fancied than the winner, Morar, and finished down the course. Cliff Richards had the ride.

hasn't been out yet. And when I say "out," I don't mean hasn't been trying, because I know that Margarine Frank and Charlie the Grin doesn't make boat-races. Furthermore, I know that they will run two in the same race, and that both will be trying, and I will be playing the slower one more often than never. Well, one afternoon I am passing Bessie Beales' lower-deck speak at Newmarket when what do I see but Quinney the Glib listening to a doll, and at first I do not try to attract his attention, because I know that he has some sort of a sneaking for dolls, and furthermore, I know that if this is a doll for which he has a sneaking, then he might put the slug on me, even if it was for offering him a jolt of the old grape.

But then I see that the doll has legs by Thurston and an all-weather body, so I guess that he hasn't a sneaking, and as I get closer I hear her putting on the moan about the ponies she was told to play and didn't and the ponies she played which are still running, and asking what to put in the Tote double on next National day, which is a horse-jump-race gathering and more distant than somewhat. So I know then that I am safe to make him the sign, and he gives the doll plenty of breeze and comes down into the speak with me. So when we have ordered two shots apiece, because one shot on a racecourse wouldn't wet a stamp—leastways, not the ones on a promissory note—I ask him, not wishful to show my ignorance and leaving the question very open, "What do you know of this Damon Runyon?" Not that I think that Quinney is a squeaker about horse information, but a shot or two of gin is liable to make one and all come across with a parcel more of the dope than if they were standing thirsty, and I wish to say that Quinney is no ginhead, but a scribe, and more than somewhat literary and knowledgeable.

So Quinney tells me this Runyon is another scribe in a very large way and that he has a very great power of ha-ha-making and knows all the doings of the citizens around Broadway and can write about all the things they do and has the same equipment as them in his talk-box. So I read what he writes and I keep on tee-heeing at the bits I

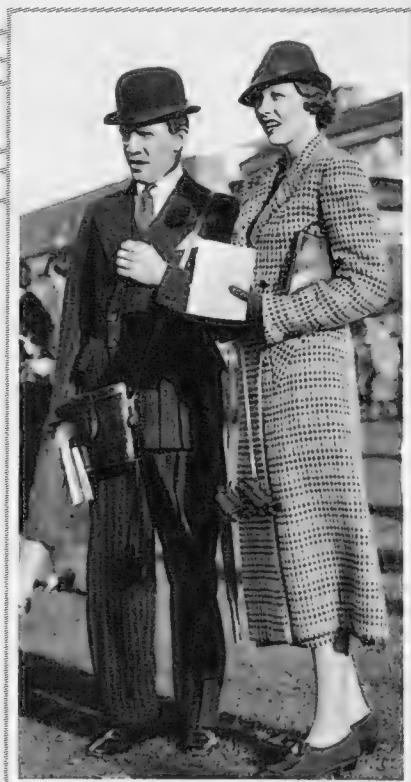
I AM not one of these literary guys, but just a sucker that plays the horses, so when I hear there is a controversy over Damon Runyon, I think it is just one of the Aga Khan's two-year-olds as

understand, but what I learn is what you other scribes ought to learn one and all for those times when the noggin goes dead for copy. I wish to say that this guy wouldn't have been fazed a particle at making bricks after Pharaoh's receipt.

I notice that a guy gives me the rap and it is none but Kennedy the Kid, who does a lot of coughing, and I would wish to say that when a guy keeps on coughing it is because he cannot get behind it, and if he could get behind it he wouldn't go on coughing. Kid says that some doll has told him that her horse will win the Cambridgeshire, but Good Time Harvey says it is all hooey and that the horse goes very bad in the handbooks. It seems that Good Time reckons that if a book lays a longer price about a horse, then that horse automatically goes slower and can't win.

The Kid has to have a paroxysm of coughing to drown this boloney, and says it is such-and-such, till Good Time shapes like handing him a boff on the noggin.

I get around to wondering why all this heat is generating, for I notice it is less of a gamble to shoot craps with three curates in spectacles in a race train than to play the Cambridgeshire. Well, after this has died down without a rod being loosed, there is a big hullo from two dolls just come in for a spot or two, but I wish to state that I was raised at Eton and Harrow, and a guy should never mention a doll's name—that is, not if he is a regular fellow; more especially if he doesn't wish to wear nail-marks on his snoot or have a few slugs tossed at him with old equaliser by their guys. Anyway, one and all will buy spots for such dolls which are good-lookers and, furthermore, can spill a bibful of the hundred per cent. goods, for though there is more dame than doll in them, they absorb all the lowdown from such very clever guys



ALSO MR. AND MRS. D. R. DALY
Some more of the people who were at Hurst for that good one-day meeting. The going was first-class and they had bumper fields. Mr. D. R. Daly is in the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards

as Mickey the Mouse, Clatter the Cute, and several bookies, minders with broken snoots, smashed kissers, and cauliflower 'earoles.

There's my two thousand words, fellers, and if I went right on for another two thousand, I'd sure come to some right smart little incident, just same as that Runyon guy would.



ALSO ENID LADY CHESTERFIELD AND CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORT
Lady Chesterfield, like Lady Penrhyn (above), had one competing in the long-distance race at Hurst—Asterion, which ran fifth. Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort is one of the most successful trainers of certainly a decade and has a stable full of probably some of the best in training to-day



Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

THE COUNTESS OF GALLOWAY

American-born Lady Galloway, in whom charm, *chic*, and human kindness are allied to great good looks, has been married since 1924. She and her husband definitely prefer the country to London, and live mainly in Scotland, where they have two Lowland homes, Cumloeden, in Wigtonshire, and a shooting lodge in lovely Glen Trool. The twelfth Earl of Galloway, Lord Lieutenant of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and a captain in the Scots Guards Reserve, is descended from Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, a kinsman of the first two Stuart kings and one of the leading men in Scotland during their reigns. He sits in the House of Lords as Baron Stewart of Garlies. Lord and Lady Galloway's only son, Lord Garlies, is just nine, and they have a twelve-year-old daughter, Lady Antonia Stewart. This photograph of Lady Galloway shows her in the tiara and robes she wore at the Coronation

AT THE CURRAGH FOR THE IRISH CESAREWITCH



MISS ETHEL JAMESON AND SIR IAN STEWART-RICHARDSON



MRS. VICTOR PARR, MRS. "JIMMY" FARRELL AND MAJOR PARR

OVER FROM BIRR CASTLE
LORD AND LADY ROSSELORD AND LADY TALBOT DE MALAHIDE
WHO BOTH HAVE HORSES IN TRAININGLORD AND LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE
WITH MR. FRANKIE MORE-O'FERRALLMR. PETER BURRELL AND
MRS. WEAVER BROWNE

In spite of the morning's unpromising weather outlook there was a huge attendance at Ireland's racing headquarters for the Irish Cesarewitch, which is shorter by half a mile than its Newmarket counterpart. In a great finish Mr. J. Masterson's Rattle Up defied the challenge of the English-trained Farsi to win by two and a half lengths, with Glen Leven, who was in front nearing home, third. Luckily the threatened rain did not materialise, but Miss Ethel Jameson, niece of Mr. William G. Jameson, of the Royal Yacht Squadron, took no chances. Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson goes racing with zest and frequency in Ireland and thinks it a grand country; and so say most of us. Major Victor Parr, an ex-Joint-Master, like his wife, of the Meath, is a well-known breeder of bloodstock. Sir Merrik Burrell's younger son is also very much concerned with Ireland's leading industry, being a director of the National Stud. Mrs. "Jimmy" Farrell is the wife of the noted Rugby International, who was capped twelve times for Ireland. Mr. Frankie More-O'Ferrall's trainer brother saddled Captain Daly's Yellowdine for the big race

JUMPING ENTHUSIASTS

AT CHEPSTOW 'CHASES



SIR FRANCIS WINNINGTON, MISS ELIZABETH BAKER AND MISS NANCY HARMOOD-BANNER



MISS RECANO AND MRS. A. F. B. CARPENTER



MAJOR AND MRS. RUSHTON WITH MR. G. S. WOOD



THREE TRAINERS AND THEIR OWN TRAINER: DAVID HARRISON WITH IVOR, JACK AND OWEN ANTHONY



LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS WITH M. DOHERTY

Photos.: Truman Howell

The rain has by now "well salivated the ground" and the going is more reasonable for steeplechasing. Above are some of those who went to "back their fancy" at Chepstow. Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner is the younger daughter of Sir Harmood and Lady Harmood-Banner, of Boughrood Castle, Radnorshire. Mrs. Carpenter is the wife of Admiral A. F. B. Carpenter, V.C., a hero of the attack on Zeebrugge. Mr. G. S. Wood rode Major Rushton's Ebon Knight in the Clearwell 'Chase, but was unplaced. The three Anthonys are seen together, and with them is David Harrison, who had all three of them as pupils at his Tenby stables in the early part of this century. Each of the brothers had a win at this meeting, Ivor with Kilcash for Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, Jack with his own Flying Admiral, and Owen with Mrs. Ryders Range of Arrow. M. Doherty rode Archangel for Lady Blanche Douglas in the Monmouth Hurdle, for which twenty-five started. The owner is the Duke of Beaufort's only surviving sister

ENTERTAINMENTS

à la
CARTE

By
ALAN BOTT



SAD TALE OF ADULTERY:
FLORA ROBSON, WYNDHAM GOLDIE

HERE, yet again, are mother and daughter loving the same young lover, to the sorrow of all three (only in this case it is mother and stepdaughter). A theme old as tragedy itself, it fails hardly ever to draw the crowd into the theatre, if the tale be told and acted with enough evident emotion. In *Autumn* it obtains two highly dramatic scenes and some highly charged acting by Flora Robson and the rest. As a result it will run for months and months, even though you are likely to leave the St. Martin's Theatre disbelieving in the things that have happened, and especially in the circumstances that brought them about.

Sir Brian Brooke, blood-brother to a score of earlier K.C.'s of the theatre, has a youngish wife, an analytical brain, and a habit of striking attitudes for every notable occasion. Does an affliction of the eyes cause them to be bandaged for six months? Then he becomes forthwith a distinguished portrait of a Man with Bandage. Does his wife, while reading his correspondence aloud to him, stop halfway through an anonymous letter? Then he becomes the cross-examiner, probing through her half-truths and untruths to reach the fact that mud has been slung at her relations with an oncoming barrister who is his protégé and best friend; and the portrait is changed to that of a Suspicious Husband.

The wife, saving herself with the first lie that comes to mind, says it is her stepdaughter whom her lover loves. She must throw together, in evidence, the young man whose taste is for married women older than himself and the young girl who despises him, and whose



MURIEL AKED AND A MANNERISM

half-baked inclination is toward a young Communist otherwise occupied in companionate-marriage with somebody else. All of which, in despite of deft production, is about as plausible as gathering nuts in an English May. There is, for instance, the blurting by Lady Catherine of the contents of the anonymous letter: she is a clever woman with no special regard for the truth; and she has time enough to invent other contents for the letter (as a last resort she could easily burn the thing, giving as excuse that she did not want the invalid to be upset by it). The pretence about the stepdaughter seems unsubstantial. And the husband's colleague, who is said to have one eye on God and the other on the main chance, would surely not have been thus wildly indiscreet in letting the world see him as the cuckoo in his leader's nest.

Neither is there, until nearly the end of the first Act, any dramatic inducement not to bother about disbelief. That inducement comes when the focus of attention shifts from deceived husband to frightened wife—and Miss Robson proceeds to arrest us with the mood of exaltation in which the wife tries to persuade her Mark to marry young Monica. Disbelief again rears its interfering head in the ease with which Mark falls in love with the girl, and in the highly theatrical scene where Sir Brian, having announced his daughter's engagement to Mark, forces his wife to betray herself by collapsing before the assembled company. Thereafter, it

Miss Robson and the Heartstrings

matters very little whether action and reaction are plausible: the emotion quickens from trot to canter, and thence to a dramatic gallop which scatters pernickety analysis. Under Sir Brian's urgency, his wife sets out to explain, through the tale of her years of intrigue with Mark, that it was not the sordid adultery which her husband imagines. While Miss Robson tells her story, she and it become so vibrant that you can hear the imaginary pin drop through the deep silence in front which is a better tribute than applause. Her feat in achieving this is the more remarkable because sympathy is planted on the side of the younger woman; the wife, as discarded mistress, being no more than an unhappy woman who wants desperately (even tiresomely) to cancel the self-sacrifice which she intended but now cannot bear.

This play by Margaret Kennedy and Gregory Ratoff, in fact, becomes at a given moment authentic "theatre," proof against its own sins of omission and commission. You may say that another scene, this time between father and daughter, could belong to a last Act in Victorian melodrama: nevertheless it grips, holds and pulsates. Young Monica, made frantic by her discovery of the horrid liaison between the man she loves and her father's wife, has rushed from the house and been urgently sought for days by the police, by Mark, and by Sir Brian (whose grief does not prevent him from being the Man Who Knows What To Do). She is a tattered, woebegone waif huddled on the settee in daddy's arms, lacking none of the trappings of pathos except snowflakes from the bitter beyond into which she has ventured. But I, who hold myself to have been boiled as hard as anybody between stalls and gallery, had no impulse to smile and was sensitive to the aura of poignancy that surrounded Victoria Hopper as she lay limp across Wyndham Goldie's chest. And I was as much under the theatrical spell when Flora Robson portrayed Lady Brooke first as a woman who, because her own heart ached so, would not bring about the lovers' reconciliation; then as the woman who, by doing it after all, made the grand renunciation for ever and a day; and finally as the woman who lets herself be comforted by the sorrowful husband she has wronged. Played with too much emphasis, it might be histrionic or even absurd. Played as here, without stridency or hysteria, it becomes compelling and compassionate.

What, then, is "theatre," which can thus make glamour out of any old mixture of the real with the unreal? For want of a dictionary definition it can be called that which takes an audience out of itself and makes it see, feel, think, or laugh in terms of the characters it watches. It can be no accident that Miss Kennedy achieves this nearly always when her name appears as playwright. Whether in *Autumn* or *The Constant Nymph* (and you know how seldom a good novel gets turned into a generously actable play) or in *Escape Me Never* (hailed as an indifferent play containing first-class pathos for the Bergner), she gives her actors the right material for casting a spell over their spectators. In this case, the spell survives association with a Russian collaborator (Gregory Ratoff) in adaptation from a Russian original; whereby two of the leading characters retain Slav natures under their English names. The introspective searchings of heart and soul by "Lady Catherine" (is this knight's wife, by the way, the daughter of an Earl, that they thus describe her on the programme?) seem all very Russian. As played by Miss Robson, however, she would be magnetic whether the background were London, Stockholm, Shanghai, or a West African village (come to think of it, the jungle is suggested by Miss Robson's fierceness when she licks the girl's cheeks, so as to savour an ex-lover's kisses recently implanted on them). Mark, is decidedly not the type of any English barrister whom you can meet in Middle Temple Lane; but

(Continued on page xxii)



YOUNG LOVE AND THE LOVER WITH
A HORRID PAST:
VICTORIA HOPPER, JACK HAWKINS



T. Pias, Paris
COMING TO LONDON:
JOSEPHINE BAKER

Josephine Baker has been playing, singing and dancing at the Folies Bergère since the spring of the year. She is due to appear in London during the winter

THE sweet sadness of autumn is with us, *Très Cher*, and the two most melancholy days of this moment of the year have come almost at the same time. October ended with the Varnishing Day of the Salon d'Automne, and on November 1st, All Saints' Day, we obeyed the custom that bids us lay flowers on the narrow, narrow graves of those we love. *Entre nous*, my dear, I find the Salon far more mournful than the cemetery, since I am luckily not amongst those who fear the "necessary end" that comes to all of us. But as a rule those miles and miles of unwanted canvases fill me with sadness. Given, however, that all rules have exceptions, I may as well mention those that cheered my gloom.

A delightful impression of the Coronation Procession, full of life and movement, by Ganesco—who usually paints scenes from the Tour de France bicycle race! Two enchanting pictures by Madeleine Luka, "Orphans" and "The Choice of a Nurse" (a subject the reverse of dry!). Van Dongen exhibits a study of the Basque country that is really the portrait of a baby moke with immense ears, behind which lurks an Arabian desert—not that I have ever been to Arabia, except through the lens of a movie-camera, so perhaps my criticism is ill-advised. There are not so many English artists as usual, but I was glad to find my Scotch friend J. A. Watson well to the fore with his "Harbour Scene at St. Jean de Luz." (While painting it he was nearly picked up by the gendarmes, who thought he was a pal of Franco's!) This is a bright and sunny picture, and the wet sheen on the harbour bed—it was painted at low tide—made me long to "off with shoes and stockings" and go a-paddling.



SPINELLY AND HER SON AT BIARRITZ
"Spi" and her son Manoel, who is aged fourteen, have been taking a bit of a holiday at their house near Biarritz. This popular idol of the Paris stage is now appearing in revue at the A.B.C. Music-hall for a short run before starting work on a new film, one of her many!

Priscilla in Paris

For once, the organisers of the Salon had managed to heat the place, and since half-measures are impossible in this country the place was like a vapour-bath, and I was glad to get into the fresh air again and the comparative space of the Esplanade des Invalides. "Comparative" because that lovely, open space has been eaten up by the "Expo" that is so soon—*Dieu merci!*—to close down. And this reminds me: J. A. has also a big "Port de Marseilles" canvas at the Pavillon des Arts Plastiques et Graphiques in the Exposition 1937 itself. The powers that organised the British Pavilion seem to have excluded all British artists and then, also, refused the space that was offered them in the Pavillon des Arts, where every other nation is represented. The French authorities dealt, therefore, direct with some of the English artists, inviting them to submit their work to the reception committee on the same footing as French artists. It came to pass that old J. A.'s picture was amongst those that were chosen and that are being shown—for all that they are British—in the French section . . . which is rather funny.

On All Saints' Day I made my usual round. Parma violets at the foot of the grey, ivy-covered stones that mark Sarah Bernhardt's resting-place. Violets also to Renée Vivien. Pale yellow chrysanthemums to our lovely Argentina, whom we so sorely miss. Roses, the dark red roses that she loved, to Madeleine Lindauer, who was so young when she slipped away from this weary old world. Only a few days before the last, short illness that took her from us she had finished the translation of *The Royal Family of Broadway* (Theatre Royal), which is to be produced in Paris by the great actor and man of letters Lugné Poe, whose wife, Mme. Suzanne Després, will play the part created in London by Miss Marie Tempest. This was a piece of work after Madeleine Lindauer's heart. She loved the theatre, and when still in her teens her first play was produced at l'Œuvre under Lugné Poe's management.

The final adaptation of her translation of *The Royal Family* will be by Mme. Colette. This is good news. I have seen so many famous dramatists "adapt" the "rough translation" of plays to the tune of changing a comma here and a semi-colon there and adding a few exclamation marks, after which they take credit for the whole thing (*vide Victoria Regina, The Constant Nymph and Private Lives*, amongst others), that I was anxious lest full homage should not be given to the dead girl's memory. This would have been unbearable. It is bad enough to steal from the living, but from the dead . . . ! Mme. Colette, however, like Brutus,

is "an honourable man," and always gives full credit where credit is due. The Odéon has produced a particularly horrible, and therefore crowd-drawing, play by Maurice Rostand dealing with the loves of Catherine the Great. Theatre-goers who like nasty thrills will throng to the Odéon to see the great Empress behave like an old street-walker. The play is well produced, gorgeously "dressed," and marvellously acted by Yvonne de Bray, but I can find very little entertainment in watching the amours of a woman of sixty and a lad of twenty. After all, even Colette's "Léa," that devourer of youngsters, knew when it was time to send "Chéri" about his business.

PRISCILLA.



THREE OF BEAUTIFUL CAROLE LOMBARD

Carole Lombard's newest picture for Paramount, "True Confession," ought to give her plenty of scope for a bit of fun, as it is all about a lady who cannot tell the truth without experiencing excruciating agony. In the end she has to—and it very nearly kills her. Fred MacMurray is the leading man in this film, as he was in Carole Lombard's other recent film "Swing High, Swing Low." John Barrymore is also co-operating, and it is being directed by Wesley Ruggles who did so well with "I Met Him in Paris." "True Confession" is not quite ready yet, but all hands are hard at work on it in the company's Hollywood Studios



WHERE THE DANCE FLOOR



MISS ERICA LESLIE AND HER UNCLE, COMMANDER C. B. FRY



MR. EVELYN BROUGHTON ASKING MISS PAMELA FISHER TO DANCE

GOES ROUND AND AROUND



VISCOUNT ANSON, GRENADIER GUARDS, AND MISS ANNE BOWES-LYON



LORD GEORGE SCOTT, 10th HUSSARS, IN CONVERSATION WITH MRS. E. M. ARMYTAGE



CAPTAIN D'ARCY RUTHERFORD AND JOAN GARDINER (MRS. ZOLTAN KORDA)



MRS. "EDDIE" ALSTON AND MR. GILES VANDELEUR, IRISH GUARDS

MR. GALLOWAY AND MISS MILLS

The night-time business of going places is more flourishing than ever this autumn season. Here we are at the Florida, where the big idea of the moment is the circulating dance floor. Like the one at the Arizona Bar, in Budapest, it is a stop and go affair, with lights to warn off the more timorous pedestrians. C. B. Fry, who writes and broadcasts so spiritedly on the game of his heart, contented himself with parquet that stayed put, but Miss Diana Mills, Lord Hillingdon's young relative, tried out the roundabout with Mr. Ian Galloway and exhilarating results. Sir Delves Broughton's only son also found it fun. He is seen about to step off with Miss Pamela Fisher, daughter of Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare and the late Commander Sir Thomas Fisher. Lord Anson, elder son of Lord Lichfield, is in the 2nd Batt. Grenadiers, who are just back from Egypt. He was in a big party at the Florida and had charming Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon as a supper neighbour. Miss Bowes-Lyon is one of H.M. Queen Elizabeth's nine nieces, and Lord George Scott is the youngest of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester's three brothers. Captain D'Arcy Rutherford has already laid many plans for the success of the Cresta Ball, to be held at the Dorchester on December 9th. He is the presiding genius of this annual event sponsored by the St. Moritz Toboggan Club.



MR. AND MRS. KNOWLES (IRIS ASHLEY) WERE UP FROM SUSSEX



FAMOUS FORTS

WARWICK CASTLE

was first built in the early days of the Norman Conquest, but is mainly of 14th & 15th Century origin. The first owner Henry De New Burgh was made First Earl of Warwick by William Rufus.

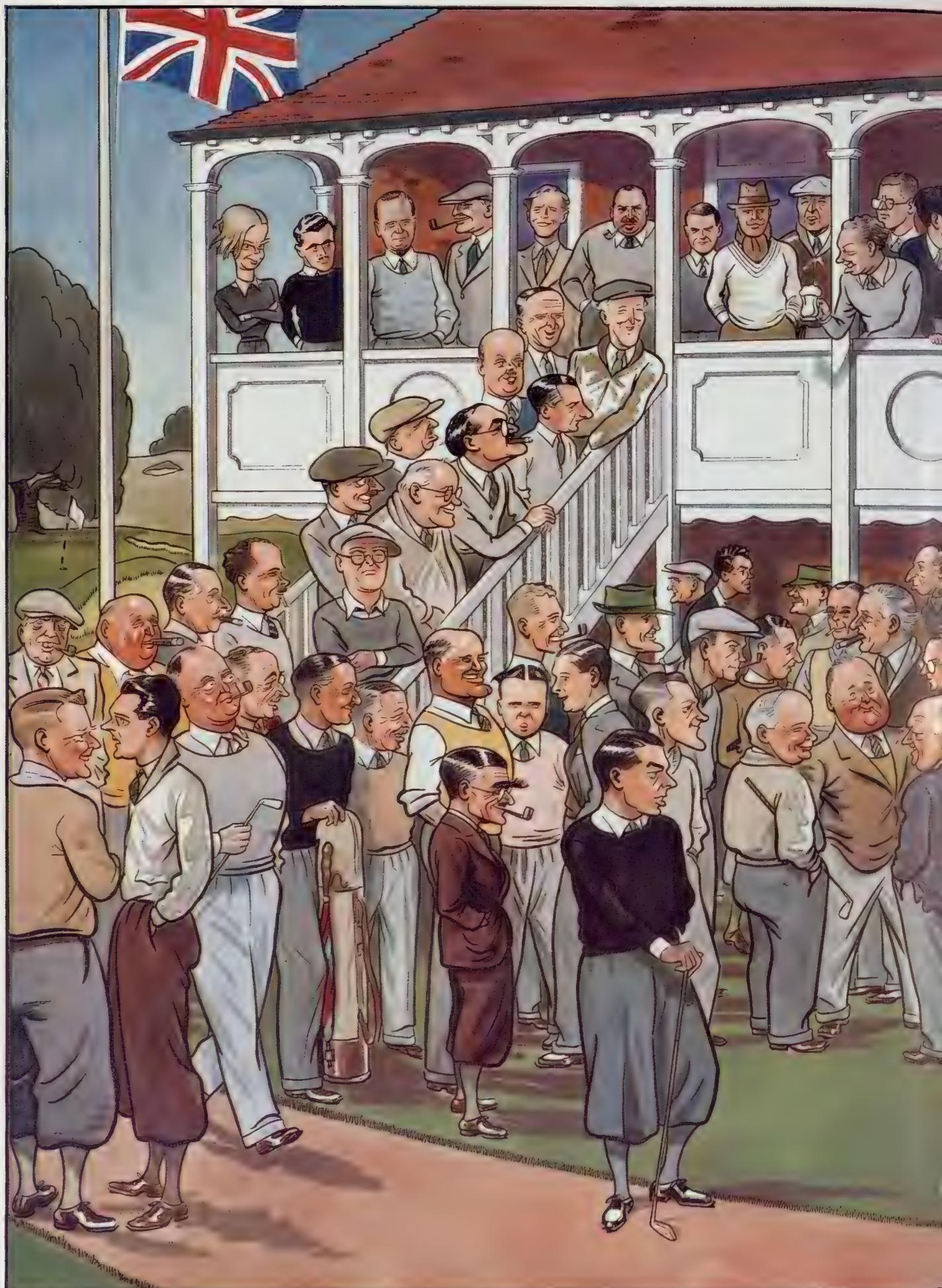
Like those strongholds which grew up all over these islands after the coming of William the Conqueror, Dunlop Fort Tyres are built today for sure defence. They safeguard the motorist and ensure his comfort. They are built for time-defying service and all-round performance.

DUNLOP



Fort TYRES

C.F.H.



A COLLECTION OF GOLF

In the above picture of golfing celebrities "Mel" has endeavoured to portray golfers from far and near, tigers and, well, the not so tigerish. There are both the British Amateur Champion—Robert Sweeny, Junr.—and the English Close Champion—J. J. F. Pennink—Internationals, Old Blues, ex-Captains of the R. & A., Golf Club Captains, Club Secretaries, and many more who have made for themselves a definite position in the Royal and Ancient Game of Golf. No doubt there

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture can be obtained at 7/-



FINDING CELEBRITIES—By "MEL"

are some who could have been included in the gallery of golfing personalities but, according to "Mel," none that has been included could have been left out. Many in the page may not have even heard of one another, but from his point of view they have been found to be very definitely worthy of inclusion. There are some from every country in the British Isles, most, naturally, from England, but there is quite a big Scottish contingent. The key to the picture will be found on p. 246.

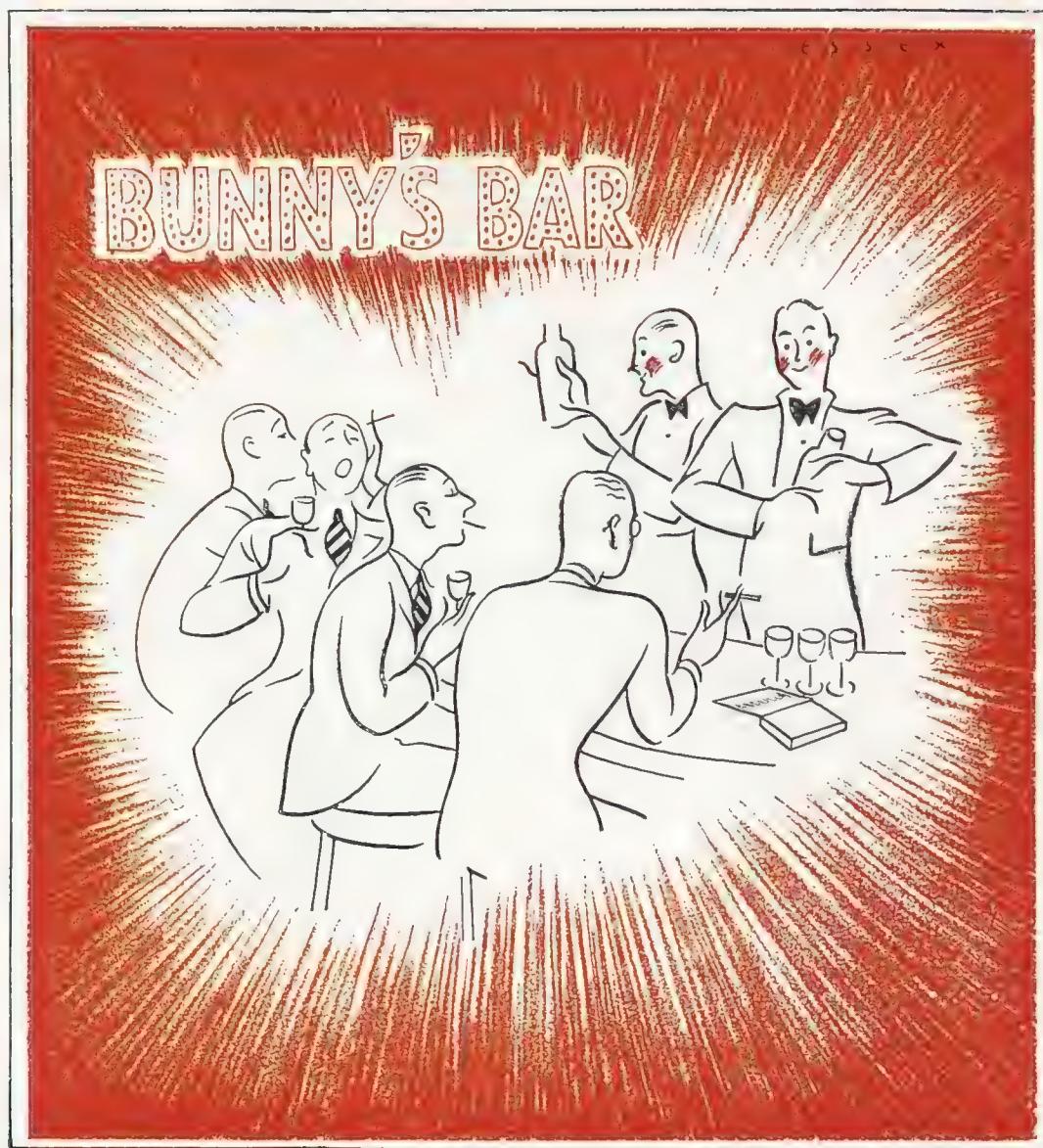
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COOLTIPT

With *Wool filter tip. Virginia, of course—a filter tip to a Turkish Cigarette would be ‘painting the lily’

* Pure absorbent cotton-wool

***It's the *wool
that cools***

**MINISTERING ANGELS: BUNNY'S BARTENDERS**

Hail to the heroes of Mayfair
So chivalrously bright,
Who brace their toes and bravely
dare
Each long-drawn dancing night !

Emerging from the sleepless
whirl
They crouch on stools to rest,
Preferring to the sweetest Girl
Gin—and Abdulla's Best.

F. R. HOLMES.

Abdulla Superb Cigarettes

including the new ‘Cooltipt’ Virginia 20 for 1/-

AT A HOLLYWOOD PARTY



LORETTA
YOUNG,
LOUELLA
PARSONS
AND IRENE
DUNN
(ON RIGHT)
DAVID NIVEN
AND
NORMA
SHEARER



Photos.: Hyman Fink

CARY GRANT DANCING WITH PHYLLIS BROOK AND LORETTA YOUNG WITH JOSEPH MANKOWITZ

The above bevy or galaxy was collected at Countess de Prasso's recent party in Hollywood and includes some of the screen's most celebrated figures. Norma Shearer is by way of making a very welcome return in "Pride and Prejudice," in which she will be brigaded with Tilly Losch. Gary Cooper is to be seen early in the new year in "Marco Polo," and the director of it, Mr. Archie Mayo, has remarked with unconscious wit that "anyone could write the story because there is nothing very authentic known of Marco Polo." Anyway, they knew Kubla Khan had no daughter, so they gave him one. There is said to be plenty of humour in the film, and the "travellers' tales" of the period should give Mr. Mayo great scope.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT AND ANATOLE LITVEK



POLO AT SÃO SEBASTIÃO (BRAZIL)

The São Sebastião Private Country Club team (above) won both the matches they played in the Wellington Coronation Cup, for which they beat the Railway team (see opposite page) 10-1 and 7-2, the best out of three matches. It was the first time two British teams had ever met in Brazil. The names of the Country Club team (all banana planters) are: Left to right—P. J. Greig, P. N. C. Cummins, F. Brown, D. R. Batchelor

IF we knew the Chinese for "I take off my hat to you!", the moment seems opportune to say it.

* * *

A racing news item tells us that: "Ramtapa could not have looked better, though his ankles and joints are not without fault." I hope his knuckles and his nails were all right.

* * *

There was another time when a horsey young chap was trying to buy a horse and, not liking the looks of one they showed him, but not being able to think of quite what to say, remarked, stroking the animal down the face:

"No—take 'im away! Too much white on the coronet!"



AT THE DORSET RETRIEVER FIELD TRIALS

The Dorset Retriever Field Trial Society held their operations last week over Major J. Despencer-Robertson's property, Wilbury Park, Salisbury. In the front row of the picture are: F/Lt. P. L. Donkin, Major Despencer-Robertson and the Duke of Somerset; and (at back) Captain the Hon. Thomas Frankland, Mr. C. Bazley, Mr. J. Drummond-Hay and Lord Lauderdale

Pictures in the Fire

The most helpful book about fox-hunting which has made its appearance at the beginning of this season is the "Royal Naval Polo Association and Hunt Club Hunting and Racing Year Book." The author and editor very rightly opens fire with the assumption that he may be talking to the complete neophyte. This, to my way of thinking, is the only way in which any good teacher should proceed, because it is always apt to be a mistake if

knowledge is presumed. It is not, of course, correct to assume that no sailor knows anything about a horse and hunting, since so many know such a lot and ride more than somewhat well, even Admirals and such-like, who have to navigate a horse in a Coronation procession. I do assure you that it was only the naval rig that made some people think that they looked as if they might slip their cables. Sailors do not spend all their spare time dancing the hornpipe and spitting in the green and heaving ocean. The moment they get off a ship they usually get on to a horse. This book is packed full of good information, general and special, such as (naval) hunting district representatives, a good hunting map, lists of hounds and where they are, and best of all, perhaps, the lucidly-written little dissertation upon what to do and how to do it, from how to dress yourself and what to do and not to do when you arrive in the arena of conflict. This is advice which a lot of people, who would not know a ship if they saw one, could imbibe with much profit. I quote one short paragraph from this pleasantly-written part of this admirable publication:

It is rude not to be properly dressed out.



AT HIS BIRTHDAY PARTY: LORD TARBAT WITH MISS HELEN GREG

Lord Tarbat is heir to his mother, the Countess of Cromartie. The party was given by his sister, Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, for his birthday and also in celebration of her own return to London after a long tour in Africa



AT MR. WILLIAM MURRAY'S SHOOT: SIR RALPH GLYN AND CAPTAIN ARTHUR FITZGERALD

Two of the party at Mr. William Murray's shoot at Kingston Lyle, Berks. Sir Ralph Glyn is the Member for the Abingdon Division of Berkshire. Captain Arthur Fitzgerald is one of the leading breeders of bloodstock in the country

By "SABRETACHE"



LADY ISOBEL BLUNT-MACKENZIE AT HER PARTY WITH MR. HENRY PETERSON

The hostess of the party, Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, is the only daughter of the Countess of Cromartie, and is a much-travelled person. Mr. Henry Peterson, seen with her, is on the stage

without red coats! So many fewer chances to much less fun when somebody falls into a muddy times for hunting, and although the whole panoply of the chase may seem a ridiculous anachronism, the country people, by whose courtesy we hunt, like it, and it therefore serves a most important end.

There is one other reason for dressing properly. A sailor on a horse is traditionally a thing to laugh at. Surely this is a tradition of the Service by which no Naval Officer should feel bound to abide.

There are one or two injunctions which I think cannot be too often published. One is: "Say 'Good morning' to the Master and to country folk you pass on your way." Others are: "Never jump fences when hounds are not running." "... do not make a noise. . . ."

That death-ray for the babblers (human) and also for the cigarette fumigators is long overdue. My sincere felicitations to the editor and author.



ALSO AT MR. MURRAY'S SHOOT: COL. CHARRINGTON AND CAPTAIN T. MACDOUGAL, M.F.H.

Pheasants are more than making amends for the shortage of partridges, as the country is "stiff with them." Captain MacDougal, Master of the Old Berks, was taking a day with the gun before hunting starts in earnest

hunting; rude to the Master and Hunt, whose sport and hospitality you are enjoying, and rude to the people over whose land you are riding. It cannot be emphasised too early in this chapter that, just because you are following a pack of hounds, you have no sort of right to ride over other people's property. Most of the country over which hounds hunt no longer belongs to large landowners, but to the farmers and small-holders themselves. Few of these are able to hunt, and they get little or nothing out of hunting. On the contrary, when the hunt crosses their land, a certain amount of damage is bound to be done, and much extra work is caused, rounding up stock, shutting gates, repairing fences, etc. In fact, it is sometimes hard to understand why they allow us over their land at all. It may be love of sport, instinct of the chase, fondness for tradition, or just one thrill in an otherwise not over-exciting life, but there can be absolutely no doubt that English people do love hunting, and it is as a spectacle that they love it. What a dreary thing for children to watch a fox hunt would be point and shout, and so ditch. These are difficult



THE SÃO PAULO (BRAZIL) RAILWAY POLO TEAM

This team was the runner-up in the Wellington Coronation Cup at São Sebastião to the Country Club team, which is on the opposite page, and judging by the stamp of steeplechase this team and the other one are riding it looks as if this polo game in those parts were played as some of us think it must always be—at speed. The São Paulo Railway team seen in the above picture comprised the General Manager, his son, the Chief Engineer, and the Traffic Manager. The names in the picture are, left to right: Major Lubbock, Capt. Harper, Mr. Tony Wellington and Colonel Wellington (captain)

Although it seems hardly the time of year to talk about polo, the impending departure of Lord Louis Mountbatten's team for Jamaica rather impels one to do so, because the one thing from which polo in England suffers is the lack of some place where winter practice can be had. So far as serious battle is concerned, polo dies the death in London at the end of July, and in the country at the end of August and the first two weeks in September. Seeing that we are not supposed to start our season till May Day, and that quite often most of that month and a big slice of June also are cut out by rain, the available time with which we are left being only anything from six weeks to two months, it does not leave us much. It is hardly to be wondered, therefore, that we find ourselves at a disadvantage

(Continued on page xx)



THE HOUSE OF COVENTRY AT CROOME

Lord and Lady Coventry (behind) and their children; also a faithful retainer at Croome, from which the family pack takes its name. Lord Coventry has been Master since 1932. The names of the children in the picture are: Lady Anne and Lady Joan Coventry, Lord Deerhurst and Lady Maria Coventry

BUBBLE and SQUEAK



THE WORLD'S MOST ATTRACTIVE—

The "Native Bear" is not a bear, but a sloth, and he lives in Australia. He is a soft, fluffy creature, coloured rather like a chinchilla and gifted with a slow, ponderous and painstaking gravity that would bring an amused smile to the lips of a stone image.

A MAN who prided himself on his after-dinner speeches was asked to propose the health of the guest of the evening, and to his chagrin was asked to make his remarks as brief as possible.

When the time came, he stood up and said :

"Ladies and Gentlemen : I have been asked to propose the toast of our guest, and I have been told that the less said the better."

* * *

He was a poor, tired and hungry hiker, and very late at night he reached a farmhouse. The farm people had gone to bed, so he knocked on the door several times. At last a window was raised and a man's voice said : "What do you want ?"

"I want to stay here," was the reply.

"All right, stay there!" said the voice, and down went the window.

* * *

"Why are you crying, sonny?" asked the kindly stranger of the sobbing boy.

"Because he," pointing to another boy, "punched me."

"Then why didn't you punch him back?"

"Because it would have been his turn again."

* * *

Three young men in the local inn had got to the boasting stage.

"Look at me," said the first, "I'm six feet two in my socks."

"Maybe," said the second, "but I'm six feet four and a half with my hat on."

"And I can beat the lot of you," chimed in the third, proudly; "I'm seven feet nine—with my umbrella up."

OF ALL PETS—



"COME ALONG TO MUMMY"

He is naturally trusting and friendly, this artist in slow, unconscious humour; he is by nature a charming pet and his babies are delightful. But he cannot live in Europe, for lack of the leaves of the "box-tree," a eucalyptus that will not flourish here.

"Why's that man pinching those bullocks, Dad?"

"He's thinking of buying them, son, and he's making sure they're good, sound meat," replied his father.

The following day the farmer was busy in his yard when Johnny came tearing towards him, yelling at the top of his voice :

"Dad, Dad, come quickly! The insurance gentleman's going to buy mother!"

THE "NATIVE BEAR" (KOALA)

Your tame koala will sit in the angle between stem and branch of a gum-tree, asleep, his face hidden in his cupped hands. Wake him and he will wearily turn his head with an expression which plainly says "Oh, go to blazes!" and return to slumber, or, maybe, slowly climb into your arms.

Two men went round election canvassing together. One had an eloquent tongue, and the other carried a book in which he recorded the result of each interview. As the latter was very deaf he had to rely on his companion for information as to whether the voter was "For" or "Against."

After they had been out some time, they called at a house in which lived a householder who had decided opinions of his own, and the canvasser could make no headway with him. At last the householder lost his temper and kicked him down the front steps. He fell at the feet of his colleague, who, book open and pencil ready, inquired, "'For' or 'Against'?"

* * *

The woman stalked into the poulterer's shop.

"Listen to me," she said angrily, "the next time I order chicken, don't send me any more aeroplane fowls."

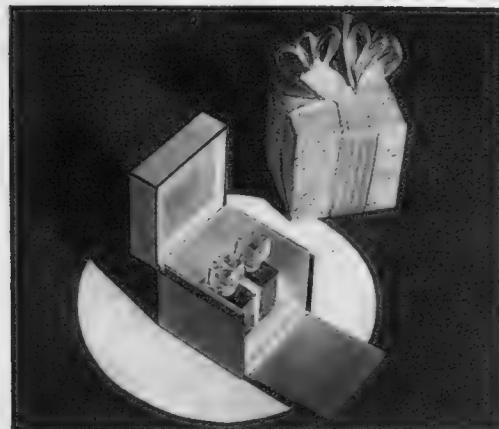
"What do you mean—aeroplane fowls?" asked the poulterer.

"You know quite well what I mean," retorted the customer. "All wings and machinery and no body."

* * *

The farmer took his small son with him to market. A prospective buyer was minutely examining some cattle, and Johnny enquired interestedly :

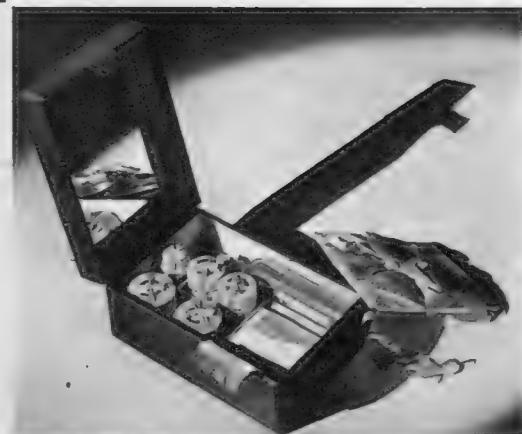
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Arden*
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A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

DEAR TATLER—

GLOUCESTER, that home of many Rugby records, must surely have established another last week, when it included no fewer than three parsons in its XV. All of them were Oxford Rugby Blues. Their names were C. C. Tanner, E. L. Phillips, and H. M. Hughes. The first two are three-quarters, and the third a forward. Of the last it may be said that he has been well in the running for a Welsh cap for the last two seasons, and it certainly may be stated, without fear of contradiction,

Battle of the Somme, on September 18th, 1916. At Rugby he was in both the XI. and the XV., and he played twice for Oxford against Cambridge in 1883 and 1884. After going down, he joined Blackheath, and was three times capped for England in 1886, and had the reputation of being one of the best forwards of his time. He volunteered for service and went to France in July 1915, and was fifty-three years old when he was killed. He gained golden opinions during his service, and was deeply lamented by all who knew him.

Turning to less serious matters, I note that there has been yet another attempt to undermine one of the leading principles of Rugby, and to drag forward once more the stale old proposition of "broken time." Some day, presumably, we shall hear the last of this and be thankful accordingly. Why cannot people understand that this question was settled many, many years ago, and there is not the slightest chance of the decision then taken ever being altered? Difficulties there may be, but nothing will ever induce the governing bodies of the Rugby game to be false to their trust. One has only to look at the names, for example, of the clubs which belong to the Rugby Union to realise that the question of the amateur game has been settled for all time.

Just before the war, Ronald Poulton-Palmer, the famous international and Oxford Blue, took some interest in



THE UNITED SERVICES (PORTSMOUTH)
XV. WHICH BEAT OXFORD

Oxford University were beaten 8 to 3 by the United Services (Portsmouth), a stronger and heavier side, especially in the scrum, but the losers lost their scrum-half, injured early on, so that there were extenuating circumstances. The match was played at Oxford. The names in the above group are, left to right (back): L. J. Corbett (linesman), Sub-Lt. W. Crawford, Lt. R. E. Lauder, Lt. D. Bevis, Lt. J. S. Dalglish, Sub-Lt. W. B. Whitworth, Sub-Lt. W. D. O'Brien, P.O. W. Fox and Lt. R. J. L. Hammond. (In front) F/O. J. Waterhouse, Lt. A. Parry, Pay-Lt. C. Lyddon, Lt. G. P. Darling (capt.), Sub-Lt. K. D. O'Nott, Pay-Lt. R. Watkins and Pay-Lt. H. Stevens

that he has had hard lines in missing this distinction, considering some of the young gentlemen who have been more fortunate.

He would not, of course, be the first parson to play for Wales. The Rev. Alban Davies, who led the Welsh pack so successfully in the last season before the war, is not yet forgotten, whilst the name of J. Strand-Jones, of Llanelli and Oxford, will be remembered, brief as his career was. He was a full-back of the highest class, and there are those who would put him in the same category as the great Gamlin himself. Talking of full-backs reminds me that the greatest full-back Gloucester ever had never obtained a cap. I refer, of course, to G. J. Romans, who held the fort for Gloucester for many seasons, but had the misfortune to be contemporary with Gamlin. It was the irony of fate that so great a player should have been deprived of a distinction which has been conferred upon dozens of inferior players.

It is not easy to recollect the names of all the famous men who have entered the Church, but there is one who deserves to be remembered from the fact that he was the only old international in orders who was killed in the war. This is the Rev. R. E. Inglis, Temporary Chaplain to the Forces, who fell while helping to bring in wounded near Ginchy, at the



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY XV.

The Services, other matters quite apart, were the better side when they beat Oxford in the recent match at Iffley Road, and would most probably have won even if the Oxford scrum-half, P. Cooke, had not been put out of action before half-time. The Oxford captain was also resting all his regular pack, and the forwards he played were not heavy enough for their hefty opponents. The names in the above group are, left to right (back): C. Gadney (referee), C. R. Bourne, M. R. Jackson, R. O. Swayne, P. C. Phillips, P. Carrel, T. A. Garvey, and R. J. Pollok-Morris. (In front) R. E. M. Breakaway, H. Pennington, P. Cooke, A. Obolensky, H. D. Freakes, M. M. Walford, W. N. Renwick and J. C. Stevens

this question of "broken time," and wrote a letter to the *Sportsman*, in which he stated: "I only venture to write this to find out if there are any other present or past players of the game who think as I do." Poulton-Palmer, who was a delightful personality as well as one of the finest three-quarters who ever lived, was always on the side of the under-dog, and could not bear to think that people should be prevented from playing Rugby merely because they could not afford to lose wages. It was very quickly pointed out to him, however, that there was a great deal more in the question of "broken time" than that, and that various abuses must inevitably creep in as soon as the matter of money was broached. There is no doubt whatever that he very quickly

(Continued on page xxii)

After the Show . . .



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AT BAR FARM, LONGSTANTON



MISS ROSEMARY DRUMMOND, MISS MARY
COMPTON AND MR. TONY PAWSON



MISS HAMMOND, MISS LAMBTON
AND MISS BETH BARCLAY

It was quite in order that a member of the super-horsy family Lambton, should be up and going at the Cambridge University Hunter Trials, held within easy reach of Kremlin House, Newmarket. Another feminine entrant was Miss Mary Compton, seen with Miss Rosemary Drummond and Mr. Pawson. Lord Knebworth, only surviving son of the Earl and Countess of Lytton, used to be up at Trinity, and is now in the Queen's Bays. The Hon. Henry Cecil is Lord Amherst of Hackney's brother



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CECIL AND MISS LAMBTON



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AIR EDDIES :

By
OLIVER STEWART

More Fraternisation.

WHEN, at the German Embassy the other day, I had a few words with General Milch, Lieut.-Gen. Stumpff and Major-General Ernst Udet, I was struck by the friendly admiration they expressed for the Royal Air Force and for the factories which have been put up for building its aeroplanes and aero-engines. It was all so delightful and so pleasing, this comradeship. It seemed, as one sat in that quiet room, that those two terrific war machines waiting outside, the Royal Air Force and the German air force, had been created almost as a gesture of friendship between the two countries; that they resembled works of art and that the respective Air Ministries were connoisseurs, proudly displaying their possessions to one another. For myself, I really do not know if all this exchange of courtesy and information is good or bad. At first I thought it was bad, because the Air Ministry had previously always shown such anxiety to guard its "secrets." But now I begin to wonder. The secrecy business was always overdone, and it may not be of much importance if a potential enemy is shown everything we have, so long as he shows us everything he has in return. Moreover, as it seems to be the opinion of those official and other experts who have visited Germany recently that the Germans are now ahead of us technically, it follows that nothing but good can come of an equal and free exchange of knowledge—to us.

Perhaps, then, one may approve of the Air Ministry's enthusiasm for our potential enemies. And remember that in calling them "potential enemies" I am merely echoing the gist of Earl Baldwin's famous speech which led to the expansion of the Royal Air Force. I do not like anything that savours of humbug or hypocrisy, and consequently I cannot feel entirely happy about this bowing and scraping to German Service chiefs; but, taken by and large, it may be accepted without alarm. There is, however, one thing in which there ought to be closer co-operation between German and British aviation, and that is a thing which has nothing directly to do with war, but is concerned chiefly with extending the scope of aviation in general: it is in the use of the metric system throughout the Royal Air Force.

Metres for Airmen.

Commercial aviation is already swinging over to the metric system, as I urged that it should many years ago and have been urging ever since. Military aviation must also swing over in the near future. Nobody but an imbecile would stick to statute miles and feet and inches when rational measures are available. Remember that the statute mile has no direct relationship to a degree on the earth's surface, so that, unlike the kilometre and the nautical mile, it is a clumsy measure for navigational purposes. The Air Ministry seems now to have gone all swastika, so this is the moment for it to begin the change-over from British measures to the metric system. The change can be made gradually. Already, for instance, it is customary among engineers to refer to the swept volume of engines in litres and to the output "per litre." So it would be no hardship to talk of bore and stroke in aero-engines, as in motor-car engines, in millimetres. Let us also start introducing the kilometre to the Service. It appears in maps and in meteorology, as Mr. E. C. Barton pointed out the other day. Let it also appear in aircraft instruments. Put the miles figures beside



AT BROOKLANDS : PRINCESS WINDISCHGRAETZ
AND MR. K. WALLER

A recent snapshot from Brooklands, where the quick (in motor-cars and aeroplanes) are so near the dead (in Brookwood Cemetery). Princess Windischgraetz is a member of one of the most important families in Austria and one which has intermarried with the House of Hapsburg

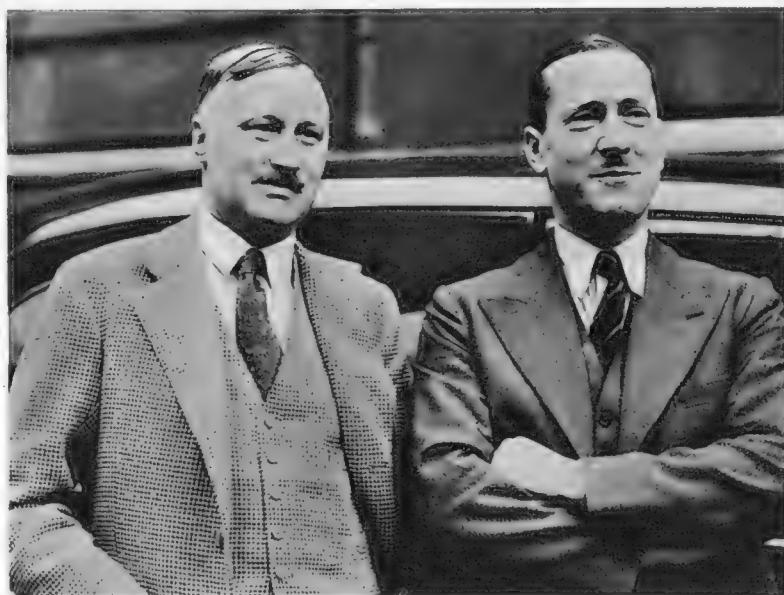
the others at first if you like, but make a start with

the others. Records, so far as aviation is concerned, are already in the metric system, and we err when we speak of Flight Lieutenant Adam having set up an international height record of so many feet. The record is recognised in metres only. The same is true of speed and distance. And conversion inevitably leads to inaccuracy. I have been trying to train myself lately to use the metric system in conversation, and although it is admittedly difficult at first, I find that I am beginning to make friends with metres and to understand them as well as the measures on which I have been—so irrationally—brought up. If the German visit makes the Air Force in this country go metric, it will have done it a very good turn.

Reduced Flying Charges.

Drastic reductions in flying charges have been made during the past few months by the Bristol and Wessex Aeroplane Club. In the Avro Cadet the price for dual instruction has been reduced from 50s. to 42s. an hour for "A" licence members. With a ten per cent. reduction before 2 p.m., the price of the Cadet for instruction is now 37s. 10d. an hour, or for solo or passenger work 31s. 6d. an hour.

In addition, there have been special terms for using machines belonging to the club for cross-country flights, and a statement I got from the club says that by using the reduced terms the cost of flying on certain itineraries comes down to the level of that for a well-known motor-car. This is a statement which looks like an overstatement, and, in fact, I am at a loss to understand how it is arrived at, because the car will take four people and it gives door-to-door travel. I do



R.A.F. OFFICERS FOR TURKEY: SQUADRON LEADER S. MCKEEVER, D.F.C.,
AND WING COMMANDER A. LEE

These two officers are leaving shortly for Turkey, where they will act as instructors at the Turkish Air Force College at Istanbul. They are seen here leaving the Air Ministry after a final visit for the arrangement of details

(Continued on page 280)

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CON-MAN'S HOLIDAY

By CLIVE WOLLASTON

THE nearest I ever got to being in the money—real money (said Spike Mullins sadly)—was in the case of the Prodigal Nephew: some prodigal he was, too. 'Twas at a time when I was worried over my personal safety, for Red Harrigan and his gang had sworn to get me after I had plucked five thousand of the best from an American sucker they had had their eyes on. Red Harrigan is poison all right and, believe me, it isn't only in Chicago these low gangster creatures rub people out and get away with it.

One day, then, I was walking down Oxford Street wondering if I wouldn't invest the five thousand in going abroad for the good of my health. When it comes to dealing with men like Red, who argue with guns, I guess discretion is better than valour; and who's going to worry, anyway, about a man like me with no family or relations, that has already been in undeserved trouble with the police.

As he approached, the man's face seemed vaguely familiar, but when he saw me he stopped dead in his tracks, and stands in front of me as if he'd seen a ghost.

"You're my twin," he hisses earnestly, like he was tipping me the winner of the 3.30 or something.

I walks straight on, but he catches my arm and falls into step.

"Listen, *please*. You're my twin," he begins again, in his Oxford Street accent.

"Skip it, brother," says I, putting my hand in the pocket where I keep my money. "I'm in the profession myself, and I don't want to buy a gold-mine or help distribute the ten million pounds your uncle left to be given to charity. And, in any case, your technique is all wrong."

"No, but listen," he insists. "You're my double: my living image. *Look!*"

And with that he swings me round before a mirror in a shop window. Sure enough, our reflections were like as two peas in a pod—or out of a pod, for that matter: though naturally he didn't carry his clothes with the air of yours truly and his face had a cunning, furtive expression.

"Indubitably there is some superficial resemblance," I admits cautiously. "So what?"

"Resemblance," he yelps. "We're twins. Where can we talk—I've got a proposition. Do you want to earn a thousand pounds?"

"Does a duck want to swim," says I, with more interest. So we have one or two drinks and, when I was satisfied it wasn't a trap of Red Harrigan's, we go back to my flat.

His name, it appeared, was Gerald Ablewhite, and he was a nephew of Jonas of that Elk, the millionaire company director and financier. He was an orphan, and the old boy had educated him and, when he grew up, made him an allowance of three thousand a year. And, of course, the young fool had had to quarrel with Uncle J., and had been booted out into the cruel world without even the shilling which I've always understood was customary in such cases.

"It was over a girl I fell in love with and—er—wanted to marry," he explained. "I don't know if you've done much in that line, Mr. Buggins, but I guess you know how it is."



Before I had got over my surprise he had set about me with his whip and his fists.

"I know how it is," I agreed readily. "Me and Don Jewan were brothers under the skin."

"Well, that was about eighteen months ago, Mr. Muggins, and since then I've earned my living at—er—in the City."

I guessed, from his manner, that the trouble with his uncle had arisen because he *didn't* want to marry the girl; and, although I hadn't come across him, I would have bet any money that he had been earning his living by working the old con-game, like me.

"But now," he continues, sinking my whisky at an alarming rate, "a week ago I got a letter from the old juggins' solicitors saying he has experienced a change of heart: he's ready to kill the fatted calf and restore my old allowance."

"But surely—" says I.

"Naturally, Mr. Gubbins, I shall go back. But for the last six months I've been working on a really big deal. It's a confidential matter, which I can't even explain to you, but another month will see it completed. I shall make about twenty thousand pounds, and with that money behind me, I should feel independent of the old geezer's chopping and changing his mind."

He put down another large dose of whisky and smacked his lips appreciatively.

"But this business, you see, must have my personal attention for the next month. I explained this to the solicitors, but my uncle insists that, if I'm going back at all, I must go without a day's delay. I tell you, I was between the devil and the deep sea, when I saw you, and this idea flashed into my head."

(Continued on page 276)



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Gown Salon for 15½ Gns.

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Shrigley

CON-MAN'S HOLIDAY—(Continued from p. 274)

" You mean for me to impersonate you and attend to your business ? "

" Not on your life, Mr. Suggins," he snaps—so quickly I was convinced the business was shady. " You simply go and live with my uncle at Axford Towers for two or three weeks, and I will pay you a thousand pounds."

Well, of course, the idea that I could impersonate him well enough to deceive his uncle seemed ridiculous. But he had an answer ready for every objection I raised.

" Naturally I shall give you all the necessary facts and actually you will hardly see the old boy at all; he's busy, night and day, with his six secretaries."

As I sat there, full of whisky, listening to his confident talk, it seemed easy enough, and, of course, a thousand quid is a thousand quid. But what really decided me was that I should be safe from Red Harrigan until the trouble had blown over a little. And if I could have a good holiday and get paid for it . . .

I say it seemed easy, but when I stepped from a first-class carriage at Axford on the following day, dressed and equipped as Master Gerald, I began to have my doubts.

" Good morning, Mr. Gerald, sir," coos the station-master. " A pleasure to 'ave you with us again, sir, I'm shore. There's not been no car sent—shall I telephone for a taxi, sir ? "

" Don't bother, my man," says I, as airily as I could, " I'll walk."

And it was only as I was walking down the lane from the station that I remembered I didn't know where this infernal place was. But suddenly I saw a signpost, " To Axford Towers," so I trudged steadily on, feeling a bit hot and very doubtful about the whole racket.

Suddenly I sees approaching me on a horse a red-faced, beefy looking cove: middle-aged and dressed in loud check tweeds. Without wishing to be unkind to horses I guess he was what people call a horsey-looking man. But when he sees me he nearly falls off the horse and, though I shouldn't have thought it possible, his face goes a deeper shade of purple.

" What," he roars, " you scum, you

narrow-gutted tospott, you dare show your face here again! My daughter wasn't good enough for the knock-kneed nephew of Mr. Codshead Ablewhite, wasn't she? I'll show you."

So he bounced off the horse, and I saw he was so bow-legged that when he stood, he almost sat—if you see what I mean. But before I had got over my surprise he had set about me with his whip and his fists. I may be the ex-Middleweight Knuckleduster Champion of England, but I'm not used to that kind of fighting. Besides, he took me by surprise, and he left me lying, bruised and sore, on the grass edge of the road.

" I swore I'd thrash you, you foul snerd," he bellowed, as he climbed on his horse again, " and I have. Keep away from my daughter, or it will be the worse for you."

The horse trotted away with its ghastly burden, and I lay there waiting for the pain to ease, and thinking of a few of the things I was going to say to Master Gerald. No wonder the double-crossing son of a gun hadn't wanted to come near Axford Towers.

At last I managed to crawl to my feet and stagger back to the station; I'd had more than enough of Axford, and as I say, I wanted to interview Master Gerald—badly. And just as it was getting dark I crawled into my flat a soror and a wiser man.

I mixed myself a drink, several drinks—how I needed that drink! Then I crawled into the bedroom to see myself lying on the bed, dressed in my silk Russian pyjamas. My brains were blown out, blood was all over the bed and my own revolver was clutched tightly in my right hand. . . .

I must have fainted and then slept out of sheer weariness. It was one o'clock when I woke, and, after pinching myself to see it wasn't all a dream, I realised the ghastly truth. Somehow Red Harrigan had gotten hold of poor Master Gerald and mistaken him for me: possibly the diseased had come to my flat for something—I never knew. They had bumped him off and faked the details to look like suicide, and I knew that gang well enough to know it would deceive the police every time.

So there I was, dead. (Continued on p. xvi)



Foyer of Vienna
ENGAGED: MISS PATRICIA HARRISON

Miss Patricia Harrison is a daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison, of King's Walden Bury, Hitchin. Her engagement is announced to Mr. John Nevill, who is in the Life Guards, the elder son of Major and Mrs. Guy Larnach-Nevill, of Uckfield House, Sussex. Major Nevill is heir to his uncle, the Marquess of Abergavenny, and Master of the Eridge



PRINCE GUSTAV ADOLPH OF SWEDEN WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY

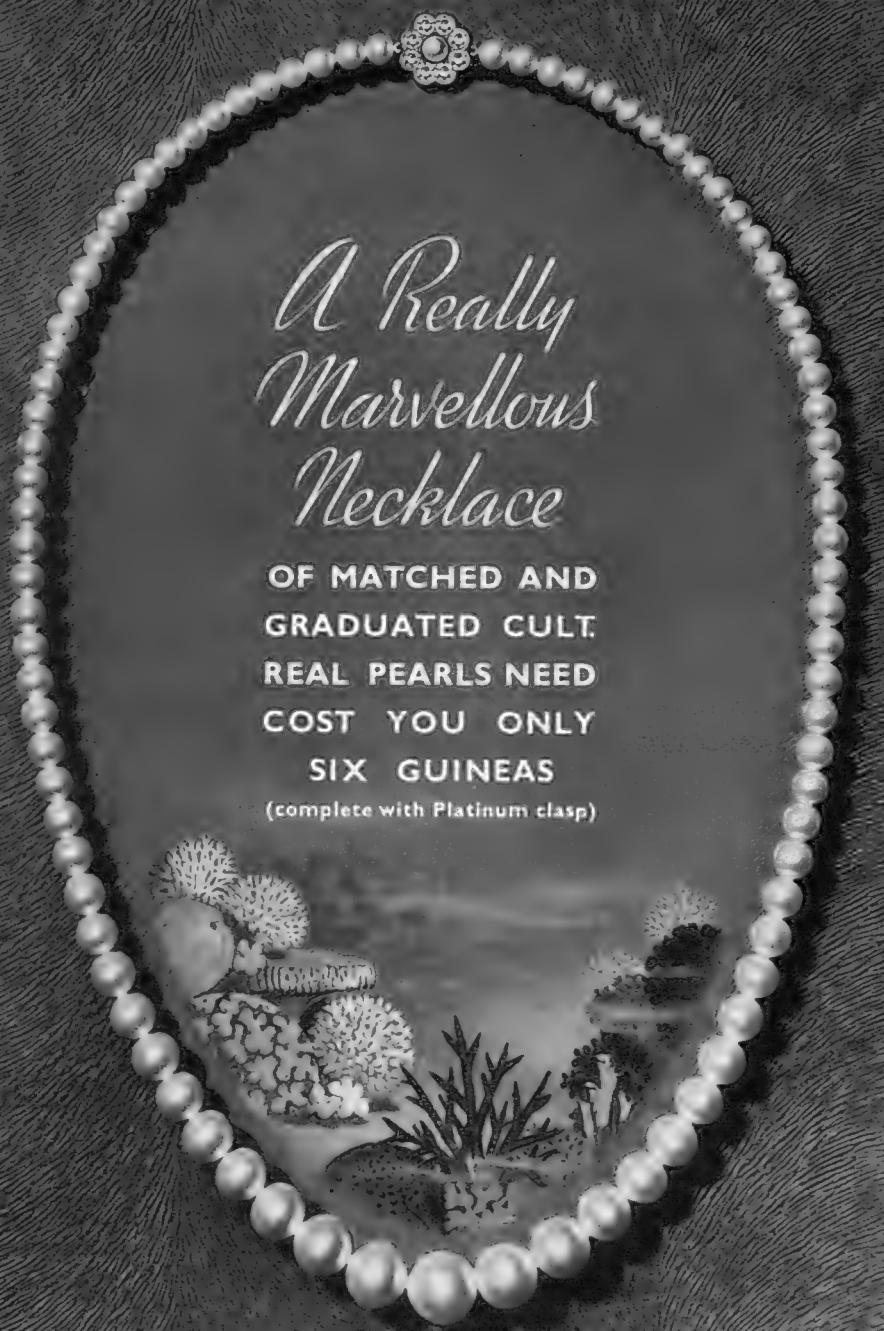
Prince Gustav Adolph is the son of the Crown Prince of Sweden and second in succession to the throne. He is seen here with his wife, the former Princess Sybille of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the Princesses Margaretha and Brigitta in the grounds of their castle of Haga, an eighteenth-century pile, situated to the north of Stockholm

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AS the largest Cash Buyer in Europe of fine quality Pearls imported direct from the Oyster Farms of the Pacific, Ciro offers a wide choice of matched and graduated Pearl Necklaces as well as Rings, Earrings and other Jewels, mounted with specimen Pearls in charming designs—many enhanced with Real Diamonds—at most advantageous prices. Those who crave Real Pearls may choose with confidence from this fine collection for every Pearl offered is covered by a *Lifetime's Guarantee* of lasting loveliness. To the uninitiated the choosing of Real Pearls is frequently a gamble, but Ciro customers have nothing to fear for there are no inferior Pearls in Ciro's Collection.

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DUBLIN - at Switzers • BELFAST - - - - at Robinson & Cleaver Ltd.



IN NEW YORK CITY

Mrs. A. Perry Osborn and Mrs. Alexander H. McLanahan talking on this and that, to the evident entertainment of Mr. Walter P. Chrysler, Senior, at the opening of the Sert Room at the Waldorf Astoria. Their host needs no introduction as one of the kings of America's motor-car industry

Scottish Show.

THIS is the week during which English members of the motor industry go to Scotland in order to replenish their stories about Scotsmen to be told to Englishmen. It is, in fact, the week of the Scottish Motor Show; the week when the Scots cultivate the Oxford accent and the English ingurgitate the haggis, when the question of whether there is an "e" in real whisky or not is hotly debated, and when, at indeterminate intervals, people look at motor-cars. I have never understood why it is that all heavy engineers are Scotsmen yet light engineers are not. Is there something too frivolous about prime movers of anything less than about 20,000 h.p.? Anyhow, the motoring business is one of the few activities in which the Englishman can meet the Scot without an acute feeling of inferiority. In Kelvin Hall there will be much of interest to see after the Show has been opened on the 12th. At a later date I shall hope to deal with one or two individual points, but for the moment, I must content myself with suggesting that all those who are near the scene should visit the Show.

Afterwards we may confidently expect the usual crop of complaints about the state of the roads to the north. These complaints can almost be predicted to a day, for they occur after each exodus from England to Scotland. People complain bitterly of the inadequacy of the roads, and in reply they usually get the same old set of evasions. I am getting a little tired of these evasions. As time goes on the desire is born within one to treat the politicians who refuse to cause road development to keep pace with motor-vehicle development with a course of instruction based on the use of boiling oil. The years pass and we continue to botch up existing roads to the detriment of both scenery and safety. We build by-passes, let them be throttled with houses, then restrict them, then try to excuse ourselves on the grounds that there is no solution to the problem of making roads to fit modern traffic.

Germany and the U.S.A.

Actually there is a solution, or rather there are several solutions. There are tunnels, there are overhead express highways, there are trunk motor roads. And when these proposals are put forward it is instructive and also revolting to watch the politicians squirming out of doing anything about them. Trunk motor roads are labelled as being purely strategic and therefore only permissible in countries which contemplate making war, or the cost of overhead highways is said to be prohibitive. Neither excuse—nor, indeed, any excuse yet

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

put forward—is valid. Germany and America have gone ahead of us in road-building, and the countries as a whole will benefit in peace-time through the general gain in efficiency. This country would also benefit if it would only stop botching-up old roads and cut loose from them with a series of main motor highways suitably protected against ribbon development by much more stringent provisions than those in the present Act.

These main motor highways would carry the long-distance traffic. For dealing with the towns there might be overhead highways. These also would be restricted

to through traffic and would have provision for distribution and collection at the outskirts of the town. The expense is admittedly high; but it is nothing like so high as the expense of inefficiency, the expense and waste which further dallying and further botching will bring. And if road transport can provide enough money—which it does—there is no reason why it should not be spent on road transport. The whole country would gain. Accidents would go down, commercial efficiency would go up. Botching cannot increase efficiency or reduce accidents.

Scenery.

Being a sentimentalist, I am as anxious for the new roads on account of the way they would protect old scenery as for any other reason. I hate to see—as I do see during every tour I make—old trees and old houses being hacked down. I hate to see beautiful country ruined by the execrable buildings which are parasite to the by-passes. As for that ribbon development Act, if you want an idea of its value, you should go out of London by the new Chertsey Road. Work on the later extensions of that road did not begin until after the Act had received Royal Assent, yet ribbon development has been gaily going on and the road, though well designed in itself, is being throttled by those howling little houses.

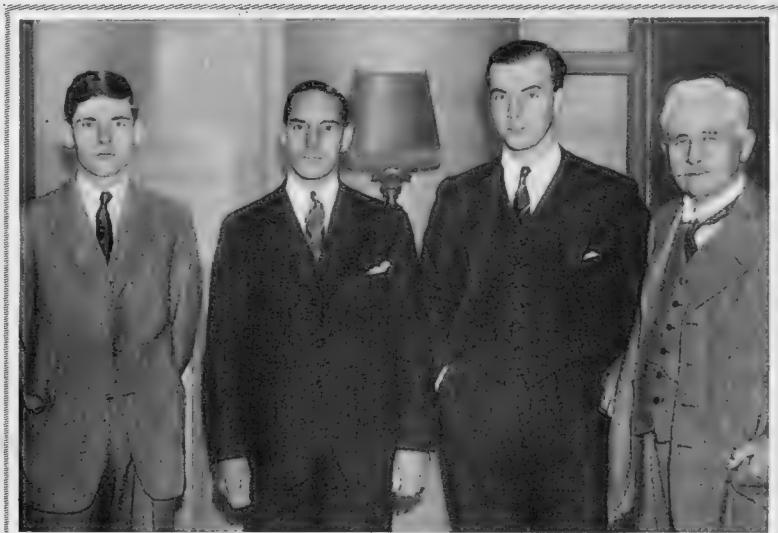
The express motorways would not admit of this spoliation. They would be so restricted as to entrance and exit

(Continued on page 280.)



FRAU GOEBBELS AND DAUGHTERS

Arriving at the Ministry for People's Enlightenment and Propaganda to take a leading part in celebrations staged there in honour of Herr Goebbels' fortieth birthday. The Propaganda Minister's charming little girls are named Helga and Hilda



HERBERT SUTCLIFFE AT OXFORD

An Oxford Luncheon Club occasion when the world-famous Yorkshire and England cricketer, made a capital speech. On Herbert Sutcliffe's right here is Mr. J. R. Dixon, Secretary, Oxford University Cricket Club, and on his left are Mr. J. N. Grover, Captain O.U.C.C., and Mr. H. M. Turner who was in the chair

This England . . .



Stone circle at Castle Rigg—Nr. Keswick

RESPONSIBILITY for these ancient monuments has been fathered variously upon Druids, Celts and Neolithic man—with what truth we cannot say and the defendants cannot tell. It is even held by some—who doubtless have no sculptors in the family—that the modern commemorative statue is a lineal descendant of this prehistoric habit. Ribald or no, there is a sort of truth in this, in the sense that we in England have a gift for perpetuating what we hold to be memorable or good. The Great Age of English brewing was not yesterday—but the greatest brew is still among us. The respectful silence in which you view your first cromlech has something of the same quality as that which follows your first Worthington upon a thirsty hour.



Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 278

that there would be no advantage in building near them. But while we botch we must expect the ugliness and risks which go with botching. When will a Minister of Transport arise who can look ahead and who will have the boldness to stop botching and to begin building?

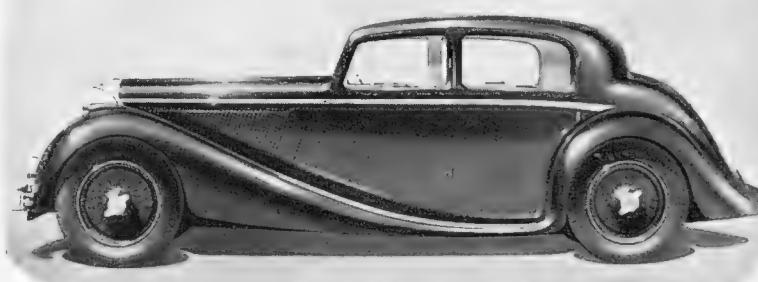
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Stop Lights.

Once again I have to refer to the famous stop-light case in the courts. We have in this case an example of how entirely divorced from actualities is a large body of legal opinion. I read the accounts in the newspapers and obtained as full information as I could. And it does seem clear that the idea fixed in the head of at least one learned judge was that it is possible by some means which was not specified to give a hand signal before applying the brakes when making an emergency stop. Now, with due respect, I submit that such an idea can only arise from a misunderstanding of the actualities of motor vehicle control. In the emergency stop the first thing to be done is to apply the brakes and to apply them in such a way as to obtain the maximum effect.

The other thing to be done is to steer the car, if possible, clear of the obstruction, but steering is in progress all the time, so that the driver merely keeps his hands on the wheel. If the driver keeps his hands on the wheel he cannot give hand signals. If he makes his first action the application of the brakes he cannot also make his first action the flapping of a hand outside a window.

If some driver behind is so close that he cannot, or does not, stop in time, and administers a bang to the rear of the car which is making the emergency stop, well, he must admit to a degree of negligence. For the responsibility rests on the following driver for not running into the car in front, no matter whether that car is going or stopping.



THE 3½-LITRE S.S. JAGUAR SALOON

In the issue of THE TATLER for November 3 the above photograph was wrongly described. It is the 3½-litre S.S. Jaguar Saloon, a speedy and smart vehicle of high quality. The error, which arose from a confusion of two photographs which were sent in, is much regretted

Oils.

Reverting to the Scottish Motor Show for a final word, I must mention that the Vacuum Oil people are making their new winter grade of Mobil oil the chief exhibit on their stand. They claim that this new oil flows freely at 32 degrees of frost, and that cold can't gum it up or heat break it down.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 272

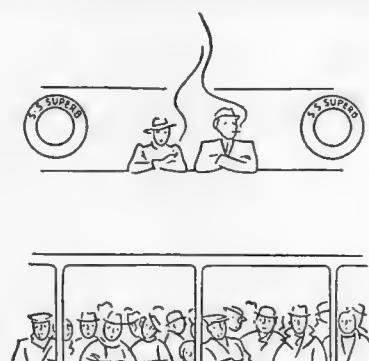
not think that, in equity, the cost of flying the ordinary light aeroplane can be said to be anywhere near so low as for the ordinary motor car. Nevertheless, the Bristol and Wessex Club is to be congratulated upon reducing the flying charges. No effort is too great in this direction.

* * *

Jean Batten.

Miss Jean Batten is paying the usual penalty of outstanding success in aviation; she is being over-entertained. Function after function functions in her honour. Her feats are of staggering magnitude, and this recent Australia-England record is one of the best of them. Not the best, though, for I would put in the first place her flight across the South Atlantic, the fastest made by a solo flyer. Her first record flights were done with a de Havilland Moth, but the more recent ones have all been done with the same Percival Gull which by now has seen quite a lot of the world, but which still shows the same trustworthiness and the same speed.

Mr. E. W. Percival has proved himself to be one of our greatest designers; but I am doubtful if he receives full credit for what he has done. It is true that after this recent flight I did see the machine adequately mentioned, and his successes in the King's Cup race were also publicised. But in the remoter past he had to work extraordinarily hard to get any recognition at all.



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*To the man who wants more restful motoring
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THE new Balanced Drive places the Armstrong Siddeley car in a class of its own. The ease of control, the even flow of effortless power, the simple gear-change, and the luxury of the coachwork make driving a truly delightful and restful experience. Let us arrange a trial run through your local agent.



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From the Shires and Provinces—cont. from p. 242

Meet till Monday, November 8. This week's fixtures, however, witnessed the reappearance in varying degrees of activity, also of dress and undress, of most of the Warwickshire Field, culminating in quite a proper crowd at Lighthorne Rough last Saturday. Both from Wykham Park and the usually despised Ufton Wood bright interludes also occurred, especially from Ufton, where hounds hunted through the wood with a really glorious cry, while the short hunt from Chesterton Mill Pool Covert was over perfect country, with the addition of a handsomely killed fox as a really good finale.

Hounds also fairly flew in the open on Tuesday from Broughton Castle Coverts, through pelting rain and a storm of thunder and lightning. Altogether, things have been going well, and over seventy brace of foxes already accounted for during this cub-hunting season makes a promising start.

From the Heythrop

The opening meet duly took place on Monday, November 1, at Heythrop Village, when there was quite a thick fog which held us up for some time. Before moving off, a testimonial was presented to Jack Lawrence, who retired at the end of last season after fifteen seasons here as huntsman. The presentation was made by Colonel Edwin Brassey, who, in an excellent speech, paid fitting tribute to Lawrence's services. Jack Lawrence then replied and thanked all who had subscribed to his testimonial. With light hearts and very light heels we then moved off, but the day's sport was very disappointing. Why is it that such curious transformations always occur on the day of the opening meet? Ladies who have been cub-hunting in hunting caps now discard them for bowlers, while the M.F.H. reverses the process. Gentlemen who a few weeks ago would have thought nothing of carrying a twig of elderberry now appear with a pipe-clayed hunting crop. This latter idea is much appreciated by bays, browns, blacks and chestnuts, as each blow received can easily be counted; it is not, however, so noticeable in grey and white circles.

From the York and Ainsty

Saturday, October 30, saw both packs out in grand autumn weather, and both did well, thanks to a useful scent. The Northerners were at Pool Bridge, and, after catching foxes in Carlton and Spring Woods, had a twisty but enjoyable half-hour's hunt, mostly on grass, in the country east of Green Hammerton. The South pack on the

same morning had another go at Sir Ben Dawson's Nun Appleton foxes, which, as usual, turned up well. The lady pack gave us a nice 30 minutes by Appleton Roebuck and Batrudding, through Brocket Hagg to Acaster Park and Stub Wood, and, the ditches being still very blind, several people took the floor. The Southerners opened their regular season on Tuesday, November 2, at Poppleton Green, and a fair-sized field turned up. (Some packs aren't holding their opening meet till later, but an early one has advantages—first, farmers are more likely to take down their wire, and, secondly, one can collect "timber money" with a clear conscience.) To revert to Poppleton—after a long jog to Deighton Whin, hounds gave us a nice little spin over the grass and rails towards Poppleton and back alongside the River Ouse to Red House Wood, where they killed him after some covert work. This was quite good fun, but the afternoon hunt from Rufforth Whin was better still, the pack running well by Rufforth Hall and on into the Bramham country almost to Tockwith.

From the South Cheshire

How nice it is to look back on the opening day, having let yourself slowly into a bath, always somewhat too hot, we hope, and, sitting firmly on one's sponge for the most obvious of reasons, one reflects how one thrusted for that first open gate; how, too, one rode, possibly a little jealous, with the gentleman travelling at speed to that next gap before Pages Brook. How one has since bucked to one's wife about those rails with the scoop in front of them, when they were slip ones, of course, which you quickly pulled down. Having explained how her horse wanted "just one more school"—"A leg each side, my dear" . . . you know the stuff, when it's the best in the world, and you want it yourself. What fun it has all been, except for poor Doreen, who had such cruel luck to lame two. Tony also picked on his allotment at an early date, but with no ill-effect.

Meynell Musings

Great fun was enjoyed during the last week's cub-hunting, which came to an end on October 31. A record number of cubs have been killed. What happened to the late arrivals at the meet at Six Lane Ends? That's the way to learn 'em! The flag went down on November 1 at Sudbury, where a large field were hospitably entertained by Captain Roddy and Mrs. Verelst, and a nice sharp hunt followed. Hats off to the Ladies' Committee, who were responsible for the Subscribers' and Farmers' Ball at Derby that night. Over 550 turned up and the party went with a big swing.

"Vi-Spring way to PERFECT SLEEP"

**The Vi-Spring
OVERLAY Mattress**

When first you sleep on a 'Vi-Spring' you at once realise what a world of difference there is between this famous overlay and anything upon which you have hitherto slept. Its exquisite softness, its luxurious resilience promote a sense of restfulness that quickly induces sound, health-giving sleep.

The incomparable comfort of the Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress is due to the care and skill exercised in manufacture and the fine quality of all materials used throughout construction. Springs of the finest British Steel wire ensure that permanent resiliency which makes the 'Vi-Spring' give so many years of comfort and sound service. Expert finish, the hand-work of master craftsmen, ensures that reliability which has made the 'Vi-Spring' acknowledged as the world's finest overlay mattress. When buying look for the label bearing the registered name "Vi-Spring Mattress."

The perfect partner for the Vi-Spring Overlay is the Vitoflex Mattress Support. The upholstered top and efficient assemblage of springs in the 'Vitoflex' sustain each of the small springs in the 'Vi-Spring' thus ensuring utmost resiliency and adding enormously to the comfort and durability. The 'Vitoflex' prevents any possibility of sagging and being flexible is easy to handle. The 'Vi-Spring' and 'Vitoflex' make a combination which is to-day acknowledged as the world's greatest contribution to perfect rest.

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Write for beautifully illustrated catalogue post free on request to Sole Manufacturers:

This fine spring-centred mattress is, without question, the most comfortable and durable of all non-pocketed spring overlays. The unique shape of its Patent Vito Springs permits a method of assemblage which gives the 'Vito' a sturdiness obtainable in no other mattress. Judged by years of service and moderate price, it is the cheapest overlay mattress you can buy.

Haig in every Home



Don't be Vague
ask for

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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAIENABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES



The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

FASHION says mink, so the National Fur Company, 193, Brompton Road, have assembled in their salons an unprecedentedly large collection which they are selling at remarkably moderate prices. It is believed that in the near future the cost of this luxurious fur will soar upwards. Portrayed on this page are two models of natural Canadian mink, beautifully worked on slender lines; as a matter of fact, they are a study in contrasts



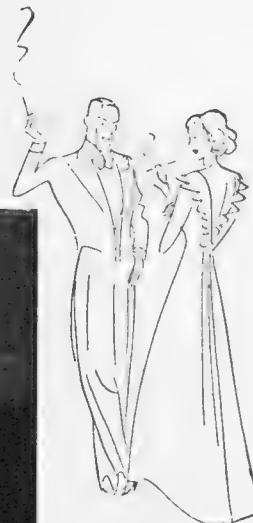
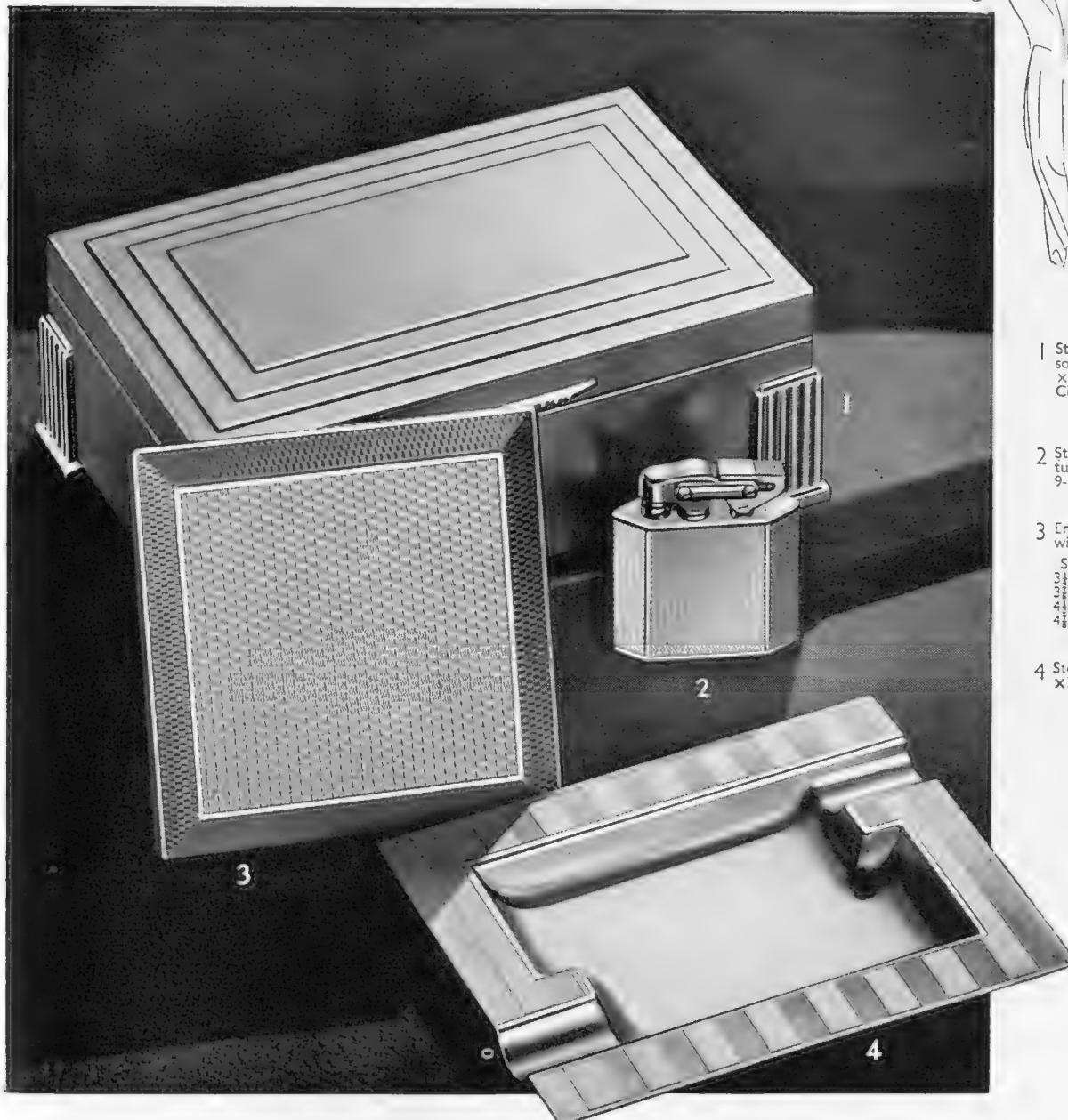
ORIGINALITY in the interpretation of the prevailing and coming fashions in furs can only be achieved by master craftsmen. It is in this art that the National Fur Company excel, for they create garments that really enhance the personality of their clients. The skins are worked to impart a slender outline, even when the coats are of the Eskimo character; especially is this the case when the fur chosen is beaver or nutria. The illustrated catalogues (sent gratis and post free) are really of absorbing interest, and would gladly be sent on application

IT is capital news that in these salons a feature is made of furs for country wear. There are natural antelope coats for ten guineas; jaunty little jackets with the new box back are eight and a half guineas. The skins are perfectly matched and of a rich blue shade. Pony coats enriched with ocelot are thirty-nine guineas—they are just right for travelling—while those of ocelot are forty-nine guineas. A pair of beautifully matched silver fox skins are twenty-five guineas. Such a delightful Christmas gift for a girl with her own dress allowance is an abbreviated cape in sheared coney for five and a half guineas

Pictures by Blake



Finer Gifts for Smokers



1 Sterling Silver Cigarette Box with solid lid, lined cedar, size $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{8}$ inches £9. 15. 0
Cigar Box, size $9 \times 6 \times 3$ inches £27. 0. 0

2 Sterling Silver-mounted Engine-turned Pocket Lighter . . . 16/6
9-ct. Gold-mounted . . . £3. 7. 6

3 Engine-turned Cigarette Case with patent slide action opening
Size: Sterling Silver 9-ct. Gold
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 $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ £3. 2. 6 £24. 10. 0
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 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ £4. 17. 6 £33. 0. 0

4 Sterling Silver Ash Tray, size $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{8}$. . . £1. 6. 6

If unable to visit the Company's Showrooms and inspect their comprehensive stock of Gifts for Smokers an illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent upon application.

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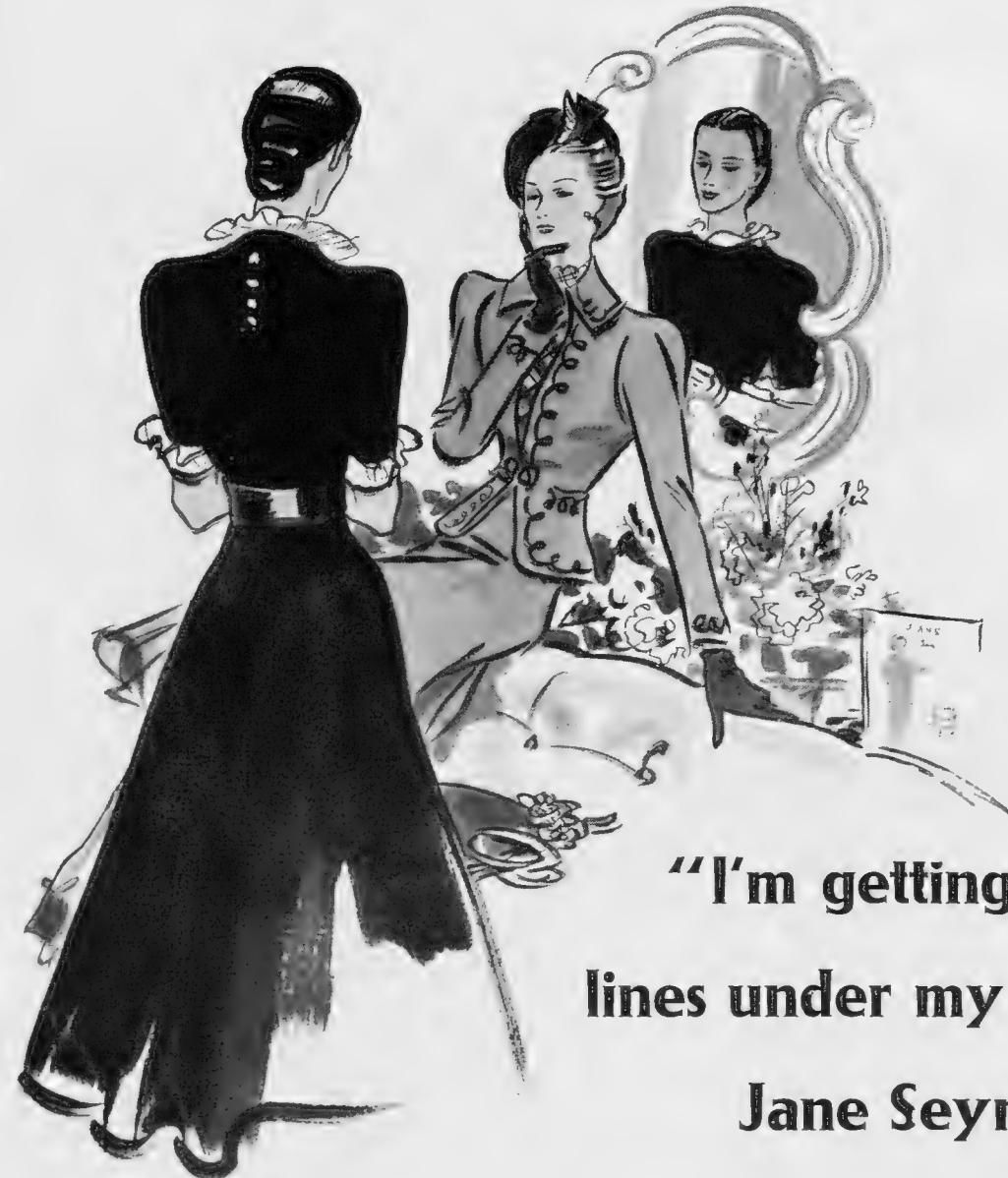
ALL SCOTTISH



WOMEN of discernment always delight in Darling's (Princes Street, Edinburgh) Scottish Country Wear (registered). Included in it is the check wool cardigan suit above; as will be seen, it has a tweed effect. It is made in Lanark, and the cost is 63s. 9d., while the pure cashmere woollen muffler, made in Hawick, is half a guinea. By the way, it must be mentioned that Scottish tweed berets of the Balmoral character, trimmed with ribbon, are twenty-nine shillings and sixpence. Of course, everyone must write for the winter catalogue.

NOW here is a coat that merely a casual glance shows is absolutely indispensable. It is practical and carried out by Darling's of Edinburgh in authentic Scottish tweeds (patterns of which will be sent), and of it one can become the possessor for £6 19s. 6d. It is also available ready to wear or tailored to measure in Rek-a-Vik, a perfect combination of Icelandic wool and Featherdown. Neither must it be overlooked that it is becoming and light in weight.

Picture by Blake



**"I'm getting such
lines under my eyes,
Jane Seymour"**

A young woman came to my Salon very distressed because some new lines had appeared under her eyes.

"I expect you spent lots of time in the sun this summer, screwing up your eyes," I said, "and of course that simply *makes* lines. But don't worry, you'll soon be rid of them if you'll try my 'twenty minutes' treatment."

"Here it is. Take off your make-up. Give your eyes an eye-bath with my Eye Lotion. It reduces puffiness and strengthens muscles. (If you would only get the habit of doing it night and morning regularly, it would do so much to keep away crowsfeet.) Then pat in Anti-Wrinkle Cream very gently. It will nourish the under-tissues, plump out the skin, and smooth away lines. Now wring out two of my Eye Pads in hot water and leave them on your eyes till they cool. Do

that at least twice if you want to be really thorough. Then bathe your eyes with Eye Lotion again, and finish by wiping away the Anti-Wrinkle Cream with Juniper Skin Tonic."

"If you want nice clear whites and lots of sparkle, use my Eye Drops—one drop inside the corner of each eye."

Well, only today she came back to thank me: "But it's incredible!" she said. "Those wrinkles have disappeared, and my eyes are worth looking at now!"

Ask any shop that sells my preparations to tell you about my Beauty Budget idea. It helps you to give your skin regular care most economically. Ask, too, for my book "Speaking Frankly," or get it direct from me. Jane Seymour Ltd., 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712. Salon Extension 3.

Jane Seymour BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



"THE RIVALS"



Picture by Blake

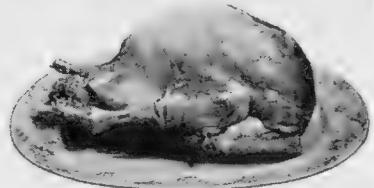
THERE is always a thrill in wearing a dress from the Corot salons, 33, Old Bond Street ; they are endowed with individual touches and something that is a little different. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that payment by instalments prevails ; it is so easy, as there are no undue formalities about it. Surely Christmas will be suggested by the evening dresses on this page. They are slimming, nevertheless, subtle curves have their rôles to play. The chef d'œuvre on the left is a wondrously beautiful shade of red ; it is not ruby, neither is it garnet. It is eight and a half guineas, the tailored brocade coatee being three guineas extra. A feature is here made of coatees in various materials, which have been designed to suit every figure. The evening dress on the right is of pale cloud blue and silver brocade ; the modish upward movement is introduced in the corsage, emphasised by a belt. It is eight and a half guineas, which includes the chiffon scarf hemmed with brocade. It seems almost unnecessary to add that this has unique draping possibilities. Corot would be pleased to send illustrations of some of their new models

"We took an Aga Cooker to the Antarctic in 1934. There were 16 of us. For three years the Aga did all our cooking. It turned out to be absolutely foolproof. It coaxed new flavour from our perennial seal meat. Outside the base camp the temperature fell to 40° below and the wind rose to 104 m.p.h., but the Aga remained quite unperturbed."

Leader British Grahamland Expedition 1934-1937.

Automatic Heat Control.

1 The Aga Cooker cuts guesswork out of cooking. The automatic Thermostat illustrated here keeps the four ovens and the three hot plates ready day and night at the right temperatures. The oven moisture, as well as the heat, is controlled. Even the flue speed is automatically stabilised. The Aga is a fool-proof scientific instrument, designed by a physicist who won the Nobel Prize. Insulated by 18 cubic feet of Kieselgühr (diatomite), slag wool and amosite, the Aga is the first "Heat-Storage" cooker. Its vital fire parts are made of the new Chrome-Steel alloy.



The Roast the Cook Forgot!

3 This turkey roasted itself while the cook spent the evening at church. No one peeked at it. No one basted it. No one worried about the oven temperature. The Automatic Heat Control took entire charge of the roasting job. 2,592 cubic inches is the huge capacity of the Aga roasting oven—big enough for a 25-pound turkey, 6 chickens, 3 legs of lamb, or 22 lbs. of beef ribs.



5 Ten Saucerpans at once on top of the Aga. The two high-speed hot plates measure 140 square inches. The warming plate measures 220 square inches. The Aga boils 5 pints of cold water in 5 minutes. The fire reaches a temperature of 1,400° F.

4 The ingenious Aga griller grills like an open charcoal fire. Deep ridges radiate an intense heat from below, sealing the meat rapidly and burning it slightly, to give the authentic grill flavour. A bull point with most men.



Meals can be kept Waiting.

6 Stacks of pots and pans can be piled into this Aga oven with its ever constant Bain-Marie temperature, and kept waiting indefinitely. In another oven you can simmer casseroles, stews, soup, hams or Xmas pudding without attention—even overnight. Aga's constant temperatures give emancipation from pot-watching. In still another oven (there are 4 in this model) you can heat 86 plates or bottle 57 lbs. of fruit.

7 The Aga saves more than it costs. Burning constantly night and day, week after week, your Aga cannot burn more than £5 worth of coke per annum (at 40/- per ton). That is the guaranteed maximum. The Aga pays for itself out of the money it saves you in fuel, and brings other abundant savings both in food (less shrinkage) and in cleaning. It is as easy to clean as a china plate. You can wipe the bottoms of your pans with a clean towel—there is no combustion dirt to blacken them. Kitchen walls and curtains keep spotless, for Aga heat is as clean as sunshine.



There is an Aga model for every kitchen, to cook for two or two hundred. From £50, or by Hire Purchase over 1, 2, 3 or 4 years. Can you afford NOT to own an Aga?

Promote your cook to an
AGA COOKER

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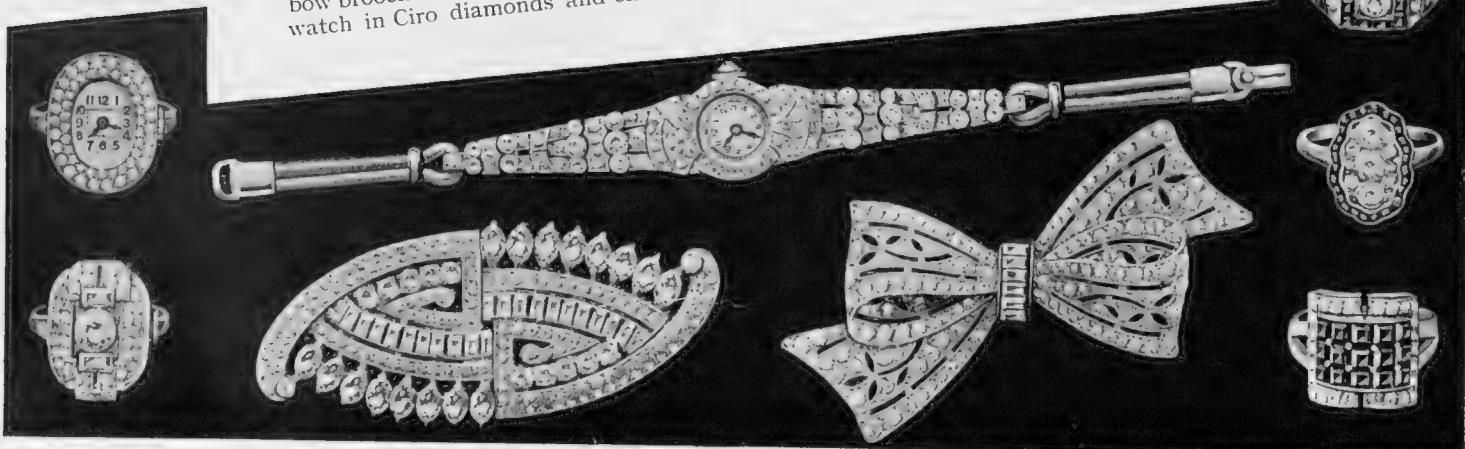


Exquisitely Ornamental

THERE is a richness and a glory about the Ciro pearls and gems to which justice cannot be done in words. The artistic merits of the designs are the work of skilled craftsmen, and real gems may be substituted for the Ciro ones should it be so desired. For those who live far from the madding crowd Ciro have published three entirely new brochures, which will be sent on application to 48, Old Bond Street. By the way, the altogether charming dress worn by the girl in the picture comes from Fenwick's

CIRO CRAFTSMANSHIP

SHE wears Ciro gems that create the same atmosphere as those costing thousands of pounds. Who would believe that the pearl necklace is only two guineas, and that the diamond clips (which can be united to form a brooch) are 52s. 6d. complete? They are reproduced at the base of this page. The artistic merits of the designs are the work of skilled craftsmen, and real gems may be substituted for the Ciro ones should it be so desired. For those who live far from the madding crowd Ciro have published three entirely new brochures, which will be sent on application to 48, Old Bond Street. By the way, the altogether charming dress worn by the girl in the picture comes from Fenwick's



Pictures by Blake



By Appointment

For Informal Occasions



A delightful frock for informal occasions in a metallic ottoman fabric. Designed and made in our own workrooms, this frock illustrates the new lines for the Autumn season. In black and gold, or green and gold.

Made to order only **12½ gns.**

Small Women's Dept. Third floor. Catalogue sent on request.

Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

YOU SHOULD READ, MARK, AND LEARN

North of the Tweed.
Everyone will admit that there is no pleasanter place to shop at than Romanes and Paterson, Princes Street, Edinburgh, as there are to be found things which are entirely Scottish. A really well-cut cape is always warmly appreciated when travelling, especially when it is well tailored, light and warm like the model pictured, which has been designed and carried out by this firm. A strong point in its favour is that it cleverly grips the shoulders, and is made of Shetland wool homespun, lined with fine wool tartan. In this instance it is a study in grey, black and white and the cost is eight guineas; there are other capes for five guineas. Ever so useful is the Shetland rug for 15s. 6d. It is, of course, primarily destined for the car; nevertheless, chilly mortals have discovered that it is perfect for draping over the knees when playing bridge. Many are the colour schemes in which it is available. The Braemar pure cashmere cardigans, jumpers and twin sets are also well represented.

So Warm and Woolly.

Since "variety is the spice of life," every woman should include in her wardrobe several gaily coloured jumpers to wear with tweeds and tailormades. It is an excellent plan to knit them at home as one can then be sure of obtaining the right shade of wool and an unusual design. Templeton's "Ayr" wools are obtainable in a large selection of colours and patterns, which include marl effects, fancy mixtures and Shetland floss. Some are blended with artificial silk, a most effective combination for light-weight jumpers and babies' clothes, while bouclé novelty yarns in several contrasting shades are ideal for cardigan suits, caps and scarves. These wools are sold practically everywhere together with special "Ayr" knitting instruction leaflets which state the exact quantity of wool required and the most suitable yarn for the model in question. In case of difficulty, however, enquiries may be directed to James Templeton, Worsted Spinners, Ayr, Scotland.

Right for Riding.

Even children who are generally careless about clothes take a special interest in their riding things, and a correct outfit, with the promise of riding lessons, would be a Christmas present guaranteed to give years of pleasure. The Bedford Riding Breeches Company, 19, New Quebec Street, Marble Arch, specialise in all equipment for children. Riding coats for girls or boys are made to order from two guineas. Breeches are from sixteen shillings, while jodhpurs, so easy to wear for hacking, are a little more. Since children grow so fast ready-to-wear clothes are a practical idea, and ready-made jodhpurs or breeches are from thirteen and sixpence.

Entirely Scottish is this graceful cape, which has been designed and carried out by Romanes and Paterson, of Edinburgh. It is made of Shetland homespun lined with fine wool tartan. The Shetland wool knee rug is highly appreciated by motorists and bridge enthusiasts.



An Ingenious Idea.

Accessories grow more important every day, and a different handbag is needed for every suit. Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, are showing a delightful new Beauty Bag in box calf which is small and yet roomy. It is divided into two sections, one side opening like an ordinary pochette and containing a purse, key chain, match case, and pockets for papers, etc. The other side is a complete make-up case fitted with mirror, comb, space for tissues, powder, rouge and a small bottle of perfume. It is available in black as well as colours for forty-nine shillings and sixpence, and would make a charming and delightfully practical Christmas present.

Modern Make-up.

The fashion for wearing black with touches of bright colour calls for an entirely new make-up—something vivid and yet harmonious. Cyclax,

58, South Molton Street, have brought out a new shade of lipstick called "Brilliant," which tones admirably with their Carnation and Geranium rouges. It is a warm, rich colour which accentuates a fair skin and enhances the southern charm of a brunette by imparting a soft glow to the lips. "Red Dust" is another new shade which suits both dark and fair people. It has a slight touch of brown and is delightful worn with green, beige and the various new shades of tan. No make-up, however, can be really successful unless the skin beneath it is clear and sparkling. With this in mind Cyclax have created, among their many preparations, a "Special Lotion" for clearing the pores of all impurities. Left on overnight it sinks right into the skin and draws out the acids which cause blemishes, leaving it shades lighter

YOU CAN PLAY THE HAMMOND ORGAN IN YOUR OWN HOME



The Hammond brings the thrill of organ music into your own home, and if you are a pianist, you can master the Hammond in a surprisingly short time. Then, as the mood takes you, you can play those traditional masterpieces of the organ, the modern classics, or the latest dance music.

The Hammond organ is operated by electrical impulses, and has no reeds and no pipes, consequently it can never get out of tune. Smaller in size than a piano, this wonderful instrument gives all those exquisite tone shades—diapason, flute, reeds, strings, with a volume that can be muted to a whisper or raised to fill, if desired, the largest concert hall. Yet throughout its wide volume range, the Hammond never loses that nobility of tone that is the great glory of the organ.

You are invited to hear the Hammond or play it yourself at any of the addresses below. Descriptive booklet on request.

BEDFORD—Fraser, Son & Mackenzie Ltd., 85-89 Harpur Street. **BELFAST**—Evans & Barr Ltd., Coolbeg Street, Belfast. **BIRMINGHAM**—Ravenscroft Richards Organ Co., 28, Islington Row, Five Ways, Birmingham 15. W. H. Priestley & Sons Ltd., 71/72, Colmore Row, 3. **CARDIFF**—Boosey & Hawkes Ltd., 66, Charles Street, Cardiff. **CARLISLE**—E. T. Roberts, Ltd. 1, The Crescent, Carlisle. **DUBLIN**—Pigott & Co., Ltd., 112, Grafton Street, Dublin. **EDINBURGH**—Rae-Macintosh & Co. Ltd., 39, George Street, Edinburgh, 2. **GLASGOW**—J. D. Cuthbertson & Co. Ltd., 226-230, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, C.2. **GUERNSEY**—F. G. Fuzzey, Ltd., 23, High Street, Guernsey, C.I. **HUDDERSFIELD**—Whitfields Ltd., Ramsden Street, Huddersfield. **HULL**—Gough & Davy Ltd., 13-14, Savile Street, Hull. **JERSEY**—Jersey Electricity Co. Ltd., 72, King Street, St. Helier, Jersey, C.I. **LEEDS**—Boosey & Hawkes Ltd. 44, Wellington Street, Leeds. **LEICESTER**—Wm. H. Russell & Son, 99, Granby Street. **LIVERPOOL**—Rushworth & Dreaper Ltd., 11-17, Islington, Liverpool, 3. **LONDON**—Boosey & Hawkes Ltd., 295, Regent Street, W.1; Keith Prowse & Co. Ltd., 159, New Bond Street, W.1; Selfridge & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, W.1. **LUTON**—Arthur Day & Sons, Ltd., Connaught House, 15-17, Upper George Street. **MANCHESTER**—Boosey & Hawkes Ltd., 91, Oxford Road, Manchester, 1; Albert Wagstaff Ltd., 1 & 3, St. Mary's Gate, Manchester. **NEWCASTLE**—W. Clement Millard Ltd., 34, Grainger Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne 1. **NORTHAMPTON**—Fraser, Son & Mackenzie Ltd., 32, Abington Street. **SHEFFIELD**—Milner's Studios, 126, Surrey Street, Sheffield. **SIDCUP**—Whomes Ltd., 70/72, High Street, Sidcup, Kent. **STOKE-ON-TRENT**—Ridgways Music Salons, Piccadilly, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. **TUNBRIDGE WELLS**—Lindsay Hermitage Ltd., 21, High Street. **WISBECH**—Clarkes Music Service, 5, Market Place, Wisbech.

THE HAMMOND Organ



PRICES FROM

£395



Sole distributors in Gt. Britain

BOOSEY & HAWKES Ltd. 295 Regent St. London, W.1

MISS ANNE CARDEN
Cannons

The wedding will take place in December between Miss Carden, who is the only child of the late Admiral Sir Sackville Carden, K.C.M.G., and the late Lady Carden, and Capt. J. T. Gough, Royal Tank Corps, youngest son of the late Mr. Hugh Gough, formerly of Hyderabad State, India, and of Mrs. Gough, of Estoril.

second son of the late Henry Keswick and Mrs. Keswick, of Cowhill Tower, Dumfries, and Mary, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, and the Hon. Lady Lindley, The Weir House, Alresford, Hampshire; Mr. T. R. L. Sinclair, only son of Kenneth D. L. Sinclair, D.L., and Mrs. Sinclair, of Beechleigh, Windsor Park, Belfast, and Jean Ann Dorothy, only daughter of the late Sir William F. Coates, Bt., D.L., and Lady Coates, of Thornfield, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim; Lieutenant J. T. B. Birch, R.N., H.M.S. *Winchelsea*, elder son of Commander J. K. B. Birch, R.N. (retd.), The Vatch House, Stroud, Glos, and Pamela Kempthorne, daughter of the late T. K. Godsell and Mrs. Godsell, Sheephouse Cottage, Painswick, Glos;

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying This Month.

Captain K. W. Ross-Hurst, 6th Gurkha Rifles, will marry Miss Cecilia Frances Jackson on November 24, at St. Cross Church, Holywell, Oxford; on November 25, Mr. J. Borley, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Borley, Barton Hill House, Shaftesbury, will marry Jane Bethell, widow of the Rev. D. J. Bethell, rector of Bodle Street Green, Sussex, and elder daughter of the late R. H. Spearman and Mrs. Spearman, of Bexhill-on-Sea.

* * *

Recent Engagements.

Mr. W. J. Keswick, second son of the late Henry Keswick and Mrs. Keswick, of Cowhill Tower, Dumfries, and Mary, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, and the Hon. Lady Lindley, The Weir House, Alresford, Hampshire; Mr. T. R. L. Sinclair, only son of Kenneth D. L. Sinclair, D.L., and Mrs. Sinclair, of Beechleigh, Windsor Park, Belfast, and Jean Ann Dorothy, only daughter of the late Sir William F. Coates, Bt., D.L., and Lady Coates, of Thornfield, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim; Lieutenant J. T. B. Birch, R.N., H.M.S. *Winchelsea*, elder son of Commander J. K. B. Birch, R.N. (retd.), The Vatch House, Stroud, Glos, and Pamela Kempthorne, daughter of the late T. K. Godsell and Mrs. Godsell, Sheephouse Cottage, Painswick, Glos;

Mr. N. de W. Boult, younger son of V. de V. Boult, Michael Farne, Gerrards Cross, and Mrs. Boult, late of Thorney Weir, Iver, and Margaretta Dorothy Marshall, only daughter of S. M. Symons, of Salisbury, Rhodesia, and Mrs. Symons, of Capetown; Commander E. W. Hardy, R.N., youngest son of the late Rev. T. B. Hardy and of Mrs. Hardy, and Elizabeth

Audrey, daughter of the late Nelson Alcock and the Hon. Mrs. Alcock, of Thorn Cottage, Wembury, Plymouth; Lieutenant Commander W. St. John Ainslie, R.N., only son of the late R.

St. J. Ainslie and Mrs. Ainslie, of Sedber, Sherborne, Dorset, and Joyce Adeline Moubray, younger daughter of the late Admiral E. H. Moubray, and Mrs. Gordon de Wilton, of The Cottage, Aberdour, Fife; Commander (E) H. J. B. Grylls, C.B., C.B.E., only son of Charles B. Grylls, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Grylls, of Roehampton Lane, S.W., and Ruth Ellison, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Minnis, of Belsize Square, N.W.3; Flight-Lieut. A. Foord-Kelcey, M.C., elder son of the late Mr. W. B. Foord-Kelcey, M.C., and of Mrs. Foord-Kelcey, of Ragwen, Horsham, Sussex, and Deirdre Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pomroy Sainsbury, of Queen Anne St., and Chaldens, Broadbridge Heath, Sussex.

MISS E. J. SOUTHERON-ESTCOURT
Levende

Who is engaged to Mr. P. S. Morris-Keating, Royal Horse Guards, younger son of the late Lieut.-Col. T. H. P. Morris, M.C., The Rifle Brigade, and Mrs. Rex Osbourne, Crudwell Court, Malmesbury, Wilts. Miss Southeron-Estcourt is the younger daughter of Capt. T. E. and Mrs. Southeron-Estcourt, of Estcourt, Tetbury, Glos



MISS E. M. LOCKWOOD

The only daughter of Mr. F. Lockwood and Mrs. Lockwood, of Bolton-on-Dearne, Yorkshire, who is engaged to Commander H. Hope Grant Begbie, R.N., son of the late Rev. A. J. Begbie (formerly rector of Horton, Glos) and Mrs. Begbie, of Little Sodbury, Glos

Specialisation for the FULLER FIGURE

In this Bond Street Salon is the realisation of an ideal—an ideal long cherished—to design beautiful slenderising clothes **SPECIALLY** for the **FULLER FIGURE**. Here you'll find Dinner and Evening Gowns, Day Dresses and Coats—clever in line; perfectly fitting—and as satisfying to the smart woman as anything she has had made to measure.

From 3 to 12 gns.

NETTA

95, NEW BOND ST., W.1

Immaculate for Afternoon
—in Cloqué, with slick contrast of White Georgette, crisply pleated. Navy, Black and Autumn Shades. 42 in. to 48 in. hips.

5½ GUINEAS



"SCOTCH!"

STANDS FOR



SPEYSIDE ROYAL GIBBEY'S TEN-YEAR-OLD WHISKY

Whisper it!

NEW TATTOO

BRINGS A NEVER
BEFORE DEWINESS !

4/6
REFILLS 3/6
Tattoo Ltd.

You'll look in the mirror after using the new Tattoo and say 'Hello beautiful!' For new Tattoo gives an innocent dewy fresh-from-school look to lips! Sweet and lovely . . . tender and true . . . how it's done is a Tattoo secret! Stays put, too—no making-up, making-up, making-up all through the day. No puckering, no drying—it's an honour-bright promise! All the mad, glad Tattoo South-Sea-Island shades give dawn-dewy lips! Make a date with a girl's best friend—with the new Tattoo!

THE NEW 'STAY-NEW' TATTOO

"HAWAIIAN" is the newest, reddest red! Vivid and impudently daring; yet so soft, sincere and warmly feminine. Positively won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret!

"EXOTIC" is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness!



At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counter everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness!

"CORAL" has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Yes—dewy too!

"NATURAL"—a medium shade—is a true, rich, blood colour.

An asset to any brunette—gives the new dewy beauty!

"PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dawn-dew look is truly amazing!

"Con-Man's Holiday"—continued from p. 276

And suddenly the real beauty of it began to dawn in my aching head. Not only was I free from Red Harrigan, but I automatically became Master Gerald and inherited his three thousand a year. What else was there for me to do? Try to tell a story like that to the police, with a record like mine, and get hung for my trouble? Not likely.

I washed myself and tidied up a bit and beat it out of that flat as though the devil himself was after me. After a good meal and a few drinks I journeyed once more to Axford Towers, but this time I felt more confident.

My adoptional uncle did look rather a cod's-head: white-faced, gaunt, foxy-looking. But he received me affably—oh, most affably!

"Glad you've come to your senses," he leers. "Draw your allowance as before; perhaps—perhaps I was hasty."

"Not at all, sir," I stammers. "My fault entirely."

"You see, Gerald," he says sadly, but watching me with his calculating snakes' eyes. "I'm getting an old man. I want to pass some of my responsibilities over to you so I can take things easier. I'm getting near the end now."

"Nonsense," says I heartily. "You'll live to be a hundred."

"About another twelve months I give it," he muttered, and I wondered if the old boy was batty as well as a millionaire.

So for a few weeks I lived on the fat of the land, and every day the old man explained how anxious he was to make over his business interests and responsibilities to me. But I saw next to nothing of him except at mealtimes, and he was so full of business that we never got on to topics that might have betrayed me.

I was afraid to go out of the grounds for fear of meeting the horsey man again, and what with the food and the lack of exercise I began putting on flesh. Having unearthed an old letter of Master Gerald's, I practised his signature until I could write it better than ever he did, so I began to look forward to the end of the month and the first dose of my allowance.

Sipping a whisky and smoking a Corona I read the story of my death and the report of the inquest. As I had expected, the verdict was "suicide," and no one seemed to have suspected a thing, though the police had made so many unnecessary, unpleasant cracks about my past record that I was tempted to ring up the Yard and complain. They said, for instance, that I had "wormed myself into the affections" of an American widow, Mrs. Oppenheimer. Why, the woman was man-mad—she absolutely threw herself at me, and when I did get her rotten diamonds they were only paste!

There was I, then, the complete Little Lord Fauntleroy, with an income of three thousand a year and heir to millions. At last I was really in the money; at last I could live as a man of my ability and charm expects to be able to live and, at that, without being afraid to look a policeman in the eye.

There was I, then, waited on by rows of servants, with nothing to do all day except eat and drink and telephone my bets to good old Muggie.

Then why, says you, do I see you here in London still practising the old con-game?

Because—if I could swear in seven languages there still wouldn't be words enough—because that welsher, that serpent, that thief of an uncle robbed me of my inheritance. He was arrested, at the end of the month, for issuing false prospectuses and so on, went bankrupt, and is still doing his two years.

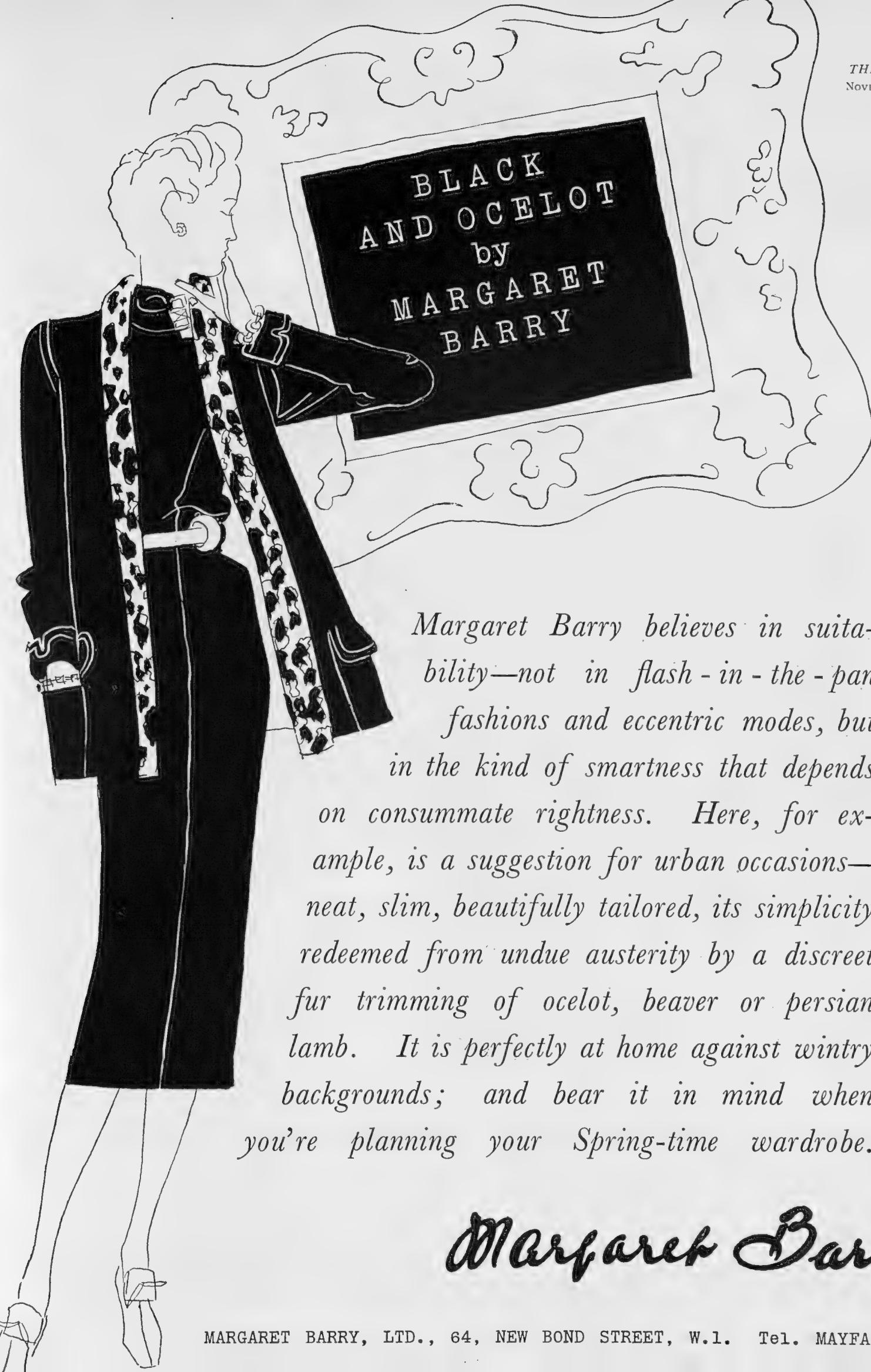
No wonder he wanted Master Gerald back to pass his responsibilities on to. But if the silly old fool had only given me the wire I might at least have been able to bring the spoons away with me.



MARA LOSSEFF IN "THE SKY'S THE LIMIT"

The beautiful young Russian singer is one of the ornaments of the Jack Buchanan production, *The Sky's the Limit*, which will be presented in the West End very shortly. It will be Mara Losseff's first screen appearance, but she is by no means unknown on the stage on the Continent, and has a glorious voice

THE END.



Margaret Barry believes in suitability—not in flash-in-the-pan fashions and eccentric modes, but in the kind of smartness that depends on consummate rightness. Here, for example, is a suggestion for urban occasions—neat, slim, beautifully tailored, its simplicity redeemed from undue austerity by a discreet fur trimming of ocelot, beaver or persian lamb. It is perfectly at home against wintry backgrounds; and bear it in mind when you're planning your Spring-time wardrobe.

Margaret Barry



CAIRN TERRIER PUPPIES

The property of Mrs. Douglas Clark

Birmingham Show takes place on November 17 and 18. It has the proud position of being the oldest show, its first exhibition being held in 1857. At this show there were two women exhibitors who did not, as one might expect, show Toy dogs, but a Mastiff and a Bloodhound. It is a far cry from two exhibitors to a large majority, as women exhibitors are now. This year Birmingham Show is in a new venue, the Bingley Hall being too small for the increased entry. Those of us who know Birmingham will regret the old Hall, also the charming and genial welcome always extended to exhibitors by Sir Walter Evans and Mr. Willmot, which made Birmingham a thing apart. These two have passed on, and Birmingham will never be quite the same, but all good wishes go to their successors, and also to their indomitable, charming and most capable secretary, Miss Edwards. The show is one of the best held and is well worth a visit. The judging for the best dog in the show takes place the second day about three o'clock.

The Cairn remains, deservedly, one of the most popular dogs as a companion. He is very intelligent, hardy, devoted to one person, and quite happy as long as he is with the object of his affections, either in town or country. He is

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

also popular as a show dog; owing to the fact that he is almost entirely in the hands of amateurs he has escaped the commercialism which has ruined so many breeds of Terriers; you can show your Cairn yourself and in a natural state. However, Cairns don't require boosting, they are too well known. Mrs. Douglas Clark has a well-known kennel of Cairns. She sends a delightful photograph of some puppies which are for sale. There are also two specially good young bitches, one very small but full of quality, the other suitable for breeding and showing. Mrs. Clark also has a few good Scottish Terriers and one black bitch puppy for sale. All are at reasonable prices to make room for the winter, and can be seen in London by appointment.

Mrs. Ashton Cross's Pekinese are famous all over the world; they are remarkable for their good type and their wonderful coats and the condition they are in, also for their freedom from nerves. The photograph is of one of the newest winners, Fuh-Sam, at eleven months old. He won a championship, five first prizes and four specials at one show when a year old. His coat is marvellous for an eleven months' old puppy. There are always adults and puppies of this wonderful strain for sale, which can be seen either at Amersham or at the shop in Lansdowne Road.

The Brussels Griffon is a specially intelligent little dog, full of character. He is also quite robust, and one of the most attractive of the small breeds. Mrs. Ionides has a large

VULCAN VOLETTE
The property of Mrs. Ionides

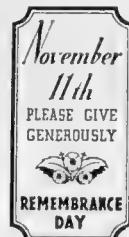
kennel of Griffons, and has done well with them. The photograph is of Vulcan Volette; she is just a year old and has done a lot of winning. There are always puppies and older dogs for sale; they can be seen at their winter kennels at Twickenham by appointment.

Letters to Miss BRUCE,
Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

FUH-SAM OF ALDERBOURNE
The property of Mrs. Ashton Cross

ESSE MINOR (Cooker with Visible Fire Water Heater) No. 33

Add a little anthracite in the morning and again when you retire and your ESSE Cooker is always ready to meet any cooking requirements. No more daily fire lighting, no more tedious stoking—this means contentment in a healthy kitchen. But there are so many excellent features to this wonderful cooker that you really must come along and see it at the ESSE Kitchens in Conduit Street.

*Refuelling**An ESSE isn't gruelling**Just twice per diem**a.m. and p.m.*

The Esse Cooker Company
(PROPRIETORS SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD. EST. 1854.) BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND, AND 63, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.I.

Spotlight on the Sherry Party



The popularity of the Sherry Party is due to two factors. First, its simplicity, and secondly its capacity for providing delightfully informal entertainment.

As Sherry Shippers we strongly support such an excellent institution. As guests (and oft-times hosts) we mention in passing that the Sherries listed here are amongst the best you can possibly buy. There are a few quite as good—but not many.

Here are four of Findlater's most popular Sherries:—

FINDLATER'S COURT	Per doz. bottles. 48/-
-----------------------------	---------------------------

Medium dry pale, excellent at any time of the day.

FINDLATER'S FINO	63/-
----------------------------	------

Pale amber, with an excellent aroma of the "flor."

Per doz. bottles.

FINDLATER'S MARCH BROWN	72/-
-----------------------------------	------

Generous, but without heaviness.

FINDLATER'S AMONTILLADO No. 16	88/-
------------------------------------------	------

Our Chairman's favourite Sherry. Dry and distinctive.

A sample case containing one bottle of each is available at 20/- carriage paid. Sample case offer and prices, United Kingdom only.

Agents for Findlater's Sherries all over the World.

New York: Greig Lawrence and Hoyt, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FINDLATER'S SHERRIES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD., 90-92 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 265

when we try to take on America, Australia or India, countries in which they can play this game virtually all the year round, and are, therefore, able to come to us tuned-up to concert pitch—that is to say, with only the finishing touches to be put on. We, on the other hand, have not had a chance to do much more than gather up the crumbs left over from the season before and try to make a loaf of wholemeal bread of them under very difficult conditions. Sending an International team in the making away for the winter has not been tried since 1914—the last year in which we won the Westchester (International) Cup, and those still alive, who can remember, will recall that it was to Madrid it went. Thanks to the kindness and hospitality of ex-King Alfonso, who did everything in his power to help, this team put in some very valuable months of winter practice. Since then various individual Internationalists have gone to California at their own expense in the winter to keep their eye in, and we have had one team, which trained in India, and then had to cross two oceans before it arrived in the theatre of war in America. It was beaten but a long way off being disgraced. Considering what it and its ponies had to do it was a miracle that it did anything at all.

* * * *

If we want that International Cup back and to regain the "face" we have lost, I suppose it can be taken that most people agree that we have got to alter our present plan of campaign very drastically and recognise the fact that we must give our people the same chance as the enemy—that is to say, something

more than the six weeks' to two months' practice on often slow grounds, which is all that our climate permits us to gamble upon having. Look at last season in particular, and the one before it, and many more before that. Spain may be off the Polo map for another twenty years, owing to the present unhappy events. The Riviera has not, so far, suggested itself as a winter polo playground, also it is not a very cheap spot. California is a long way off, so is Miami. Malta might not fill the bill. Where, then, are we to look for a playground? I think to ask the question is to answer it—Egypt. It is no use at all sending a team to a place where it cannot play on a fast ground, because slow polo is of no more use than a sick headache to anyone's game, whether he has International or far less ambitious aspirations. They have got seven grounds in Cairo at the moment, and the winter climate is like good champagne. What has made me think of this was meeting Lieut.-Colonel D. Mackay, who used to be in the Black Horse, is a red-hot polo enthusiast, an umpire with American and English experience, and at present in the employ of young King Farouk's Government. It seems to me that Cairo is the obvious half-way house for both outgoing and incoming polo teams. No team can play in England in the winter. Cairo is only about five days away from Hurlingham across a usually fairly placid sea from Marseilles, whither the ponies could be sent direct, thanks to our train-ferry service, and from what I have been told it would be made peculiarly cheap for the polo player, because they want him and believe that they can give him what he wants. Best of all is the fact that the young King is so keen on making his capital the polo Clapham Junction of the world. Why shouldn't it be?



Lenore

TO BE MARRIED ON DECEMBER 1: MISS PEGGY
BAGOT-CHESTER

The pretty young bride-elect is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hughie Bagot-Chester, and has been making her way on both the stage and the screen, with which her fiancé, Mr. Wallace Stuart Finlayson (Wallace Douglas on the stage), is also connected. Mr. Finlayson is a brother of Robert Douglas, who married Dorothy Hyson

MUSIC

IN MODERN TEMPO

AS pure in its aesthetic workmanship as in its incomparable tone—the modern Steinway Piano. Preserving the ageless perfection beloved of the maestro, embodying all that is new in mechanical production, in size and appearance to accord with the ultra-modern small flat, or with the lofty elegance of the mansion salon. Prices are equally modern—commencing with an upright Model at as little as £95.



STEINWAY

"The Piano of International Fame"

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ON CRUST . . . SUN . . . CLOUDLESS**

SKI-ING again in a few weeks' time. Snow falling in the Alps already. And our Winter Sports Department at Regent Street already in full schuss—with our new and improved ski-boots, our new and very smart ski-suits, our tried and trusted wind-jackets, our gauntlets and gloves and stockings and socks and scarves and sweaters and caps and all the rest of our very cheerful kit for the sportsman. Take the ski lift to the sixth floor.

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I have now done about 1,300 miles with the car and I can assure you it is the best motoring I have ever experienced. Its swift movement without distortion along the road reminds me very much of the Continental Blue Train with the absence of the rail noise.

Quite remarkable acceleration. Comfort, steadiness and control at sustained high speeds. Unique Dual Purpose Body on Coupe (patented) convertible from tourer to saloon by one person in five seconds.

I did a remarkable performance with the car last Sunday morning on a run to London. I never exceeded 55 m.p.h. but I put up an average of just over 41 m.p.h. on the journey with an average petrol consumption of 24 m.p.g. I should have doubted this performance had anyone else carried it out, so you may guess what I feel about my new Brough Superior car. It is the goods.

Yours sincerely,
C. C. ABBOTT (Leigh, Lancs).



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The Brough Superior 3½-litre 22 h.p. models:

Dual Purpose D.H. Coupe de Alpine Grand Sports (supercharged)	- £665	- £845
As above but supercharged	£775	£695

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**Brough
Superior**

A Rugby Letter—continued from p. 268

changed his mind, for nothing more was heard about the subject from him.

This letter was referred to in the Yellow Press a week or so ago, but no mention was then made of the fact that Poulton-Palmer had written mainly with a view to acquiring information, or that he eventually decided against the possibility of introducing payment for "broken time." We were left to infer that he had set the seal of his approval on a proposition which he realised was impracticable.

I am glad to see that the famous Welsh half, Cliff Jones, who was unfortunately laid aside by an accident for the greater part of last season, has dedicated some of his enforced leisure to the writing of a book on rugby. It is all the more pleasant to find that he has opinions of his own and is not afraid to state them. He would be a rash man who would quarrel with such a past-master of the game, and it is only with diffidence that I venture to qualify one of his remarks. He says he is convinced that a quick heel will usually defeat the wing forward and give the half-backs a fair chance. It seems to me that there are two considerations attached to this.

The first of these is a quick and accurate scrum-half and the second is an efficient referee. The scrum-half Mr. Jones usually possesses, and no doubt he also plays under a perfectly adequate referee, but the great majority of players who are not in his happy position know

only too well that an average referee is liable to give the encroaching wing forward that degree of latitude which makes all the difference, and it is when a referee fails to maintain a high standard of efficiency that the game degenerates into the meaningless scramble which so often goes on for minutes at a time. It is in the second-class games that most of the trouble occurs, though I should be very far from

suggesting that all first-class games are free from fault.

It is true that the way of the referee is hard. He is between the devil and the deep sea, for I have observed that during the last few weeks officials have several times been called over the coals for stopping the game too frequently. First the Rugby Union urge them to assert themselves and uphold the laws more strictly. This they do, or, at any rate, attempt to do, and are at once condemned for not letting the game run. No wonder they are puzzled and upset, and seek safety by more or less ignoring the more troublesome rules. At least, that is what they are being accused of at the moment.



AT THE AUSTRIA RESTAURANT: MRS. JOHN STEEL, LADY SPILSBURY, AND MISS LEA SEIDL.

Mrs. John Steel is the daughter of Sir Bernard and Lady Spilsbury, Sir Bernard being, of course, the terror of criminals by virtue of his office of Home Office Pathologist. She and her daughter are seen in the above picture lurching at the Austria Restaurant with Miss Lea Seidl, the well-known Austrian actress

Entertainments à la Carte—continued from p. 255

Jock Hawkins handles him with firmness, discretion and an evident consciousness that he is a rather odd bird. Victoria Hopper plays the distraught young woman with fine restraint and sensitive conviction. Wyndham Goldie is impressive in the bandages and attitudes, and persuasively moving when he discards them in favour of grief. I was unfortunate in missing Muriel Aked's performance, which no doubt gives humorous mannerism to a managing female; but Greta Wood, her understudy, did well by the stupidities in the rôle Aubrey Dexter's character-part is a minor joy.

I should guess that in this case the producer's arts have achieved more than they do in most modern dramas. Basil Dean has clearly seen to it that emotion, while stopping short of contortions, shall have the same sort of disciplined fling as brought magnetism to the Madam Xs and Paula Tanquerays of the theatre world. The deftness with detail is characteristic; and as always he is good at getting incidental comedy from dinner-parties, although the humour over-reaches itself in the business with an extravagantly odd piece of statuary. "It's a Dean."

A. B.

SEASONS CHANGE



SO DOES SHELL

WINTER SHELL

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AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF



SIR JOHN AND LADY SMILEY

GLADYS COOPER AND MARY,
COUNTESS HOWEMRS. MARK PILKINGTON AND
CAPTAIN BUCKMASTER

Gladys Cooper has long been absent from the London stage, but her performance in *Good-bye to Yesterday* shows plainly that she has lost nothing of her talent. James Parish's play calls for acting of high quality to make it credible, and this fine actress and her husband, Philip Merivale, meet the requirements in full. It is a tale of a husband who has been accidentally responsible for his son's loss of reason and is held culpable by everyone except his wife. It is only when her trust in him wavers that disaster comes in his despair and suicide.

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"Might I enquire, Sir, whether you have recently visited Spitzbergen or Baffin Island?"

"Of course I haven't."

"Then no doubt you are interested in some commercial form of refrigeration — chilled beef, for instance?"

"Nothing to do with it."

"In that case, Sir, you will have no objection to closing that window. It is exceedingly cold, and the draught is ferocious."

"I beg your pardon, Sir. I'm terribly sorry. Fact is, I've a most appalling headache, and the cool air does it good. I attended a most enjoyable party last night, and I'm feeling much the worse for it."

"My dear fellow, why didn't you say so at first? Trouble is, it's so long since I've had a

hangover myself, I've almost forgotten the symptoms. Was there no Rose's Lime Juice in your corner of the Shires?"

"Afraid I don't follow you."

"Rose's Lime Juice, I said. Cancels hangovers in advance. You either mix it with gin, or swallow a stiff glass solo before bed. Why, man, it's smoothed the paths of thousands."

"You're telling me that Rose's fills this long-felt want?"

"I've never known it fail."

"Then, Sir, I am deeply indebted to you. Here is my card. I trust that we shall see more of each other. Much more. Are you by any chance free to dine tonight? Wonderful how these chance encounters change the course of one's whole life."

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S. Short drink — 2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin.
Long drink — add soda.

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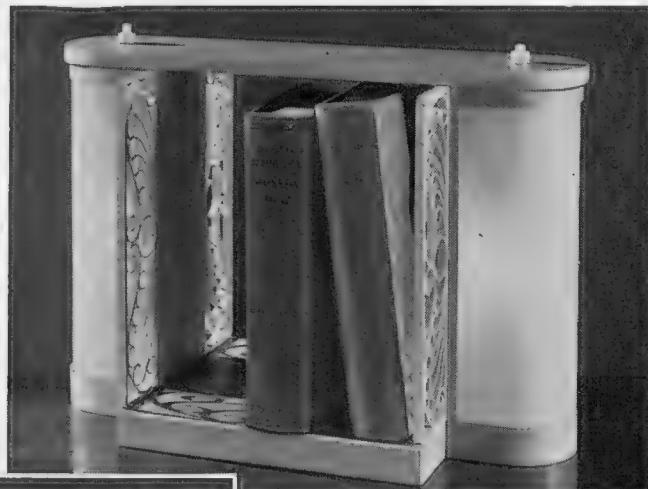
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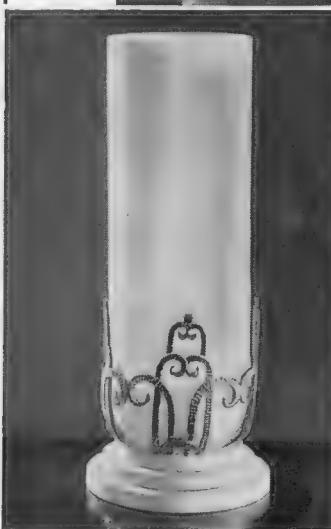
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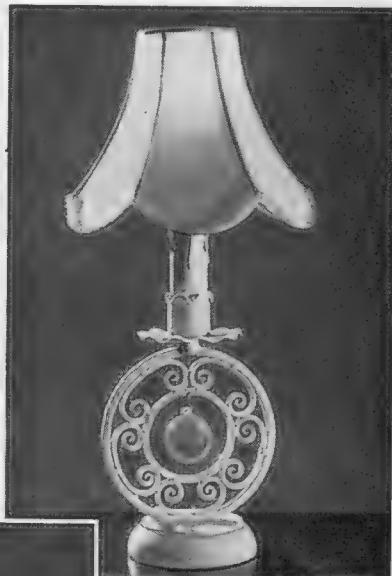


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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for gifts to help a gentlewoman, aged 64, who has developed a weak heart. She comes of good family, her father having been a Captain in the Gordon Highlanders. She and her husband, who was a land agent, but is now too old to work, have only 30s. weekly all told, consisting of his pension of £1 weekly plus a grant from an Aid Council. Brought up in comfort the poor lady little thought her last days would find her dependent on charity, and until her heart trouble she has made a brave struggle. Friends of the Poor plead for gifts to make their lives easier.

The Tenth Amateur Boxing Tournament in aid of the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic (of the Royal Free Hospital), organised for the Scottish Women's Hospitals' Memorial Association, of which H.M. the Queen is patron and H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester the president, will be held by permission of the Amateur Boxing Association and under the auspices of the Belsize Boxing Club at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, December 1, 1937, at 7 p.m. The president is the Earl of Lonsdale, K.G., G.C.V.O., and the vice-presidents include Colonel R. B. Campbell, C.B.E., D.S.O.; the Marquess of Clydesdale, M.P.; Lord Decies, P.C., D.S.O.; Lord Desborough, K.G., G.C.V.O.; Mr. J. A. Dewar; Viscount Doneraile; Wing Commander Sir Louis Greig, K.B.E., C.V.O., M.B.; Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge and the Earl of Westmorland. There is an excellent programme and the events include an inter-club contest of eight bouts between the Sparta Club of Denmark and the Belsize Boxing Club (bantam to heavy), for eight silver cups (one for each winner); four open invitation competitions in four weights (bantam, feather, light and middle); between members of the Imperial Services Boxing Association, Welsh Amateur Boxing Association, Midland Counties Boxing Association and London clubs, for four silver cups; and competitions between mem-



AT HARRINGAY: MR. AND MRS. TOM WEBSTER AT SUPPER

The famous artist of the very amusing sporting cartoons was at Harringay for the fight in which Eddie Phillips, the former cruiser-weight champion, scored a points victory over Arno Kölblin of Germany on his first appearance in the heavy-weight class

bers of the Derby Borough Police and the Metropolitan Police in three weights (heavy, light-heavy and middle), for the Trevor Dawson challenge cup (present holders, the Derby Borough Police), the gift of the late Sir Trevor Dawson, Bart., R.N., and for three silver cups (one to the individual winner of each weight).

The annual dinner of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End is to be held at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2, on Monday, December 13, at 7 o'clock for 7.15 p.m. The Right Honourable the Lord Stonehaven, P.C., G.C.M.G., has kindly consented to preside, and it is hoped that a ready response may be forthcoming to the appeal for funds towards maintenance. A sum of £20,000 is needed.

The eleventh Annual Bridge Tea organised by the League of Mercy (Kensington District), under the immediate patronage of H.H. Princess Marie Louise (president), will be held on Monday, November 15, from 3 to 6 p.m., at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs Max Mayer, 20, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bridge tables (including tea), £2 2s. Single tickets for non-players, 5s. There will be a prize for each table.

Hand in Glove, a comedy, by Roger Machell and Lionel James, was produced at the Richmond Theatre on Monday, November 8. The cast includes: Jack Melford, Yvonne Dulac, Googie Withers, John Deverell, Eric Berry, Jean Moncrieff, Beatrix Fielden-Kaye, Mabel Twemlow, Henry Hallatt, Geoffrey Wincott. The play produced by Jack Melford. Set on the Riviera during the summer season, *Hand in Glove* tells a light-hearted story of confidence tricksters, best-selling novelists, sunbathers, celebrity hunters, gamblers and M.P.s on holiday. Roger Machell is a Fleet Street journalist on the staff of "The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post," and Lionel James is the nom-de-plume of a B.B.C. announcer.

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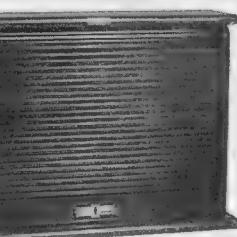
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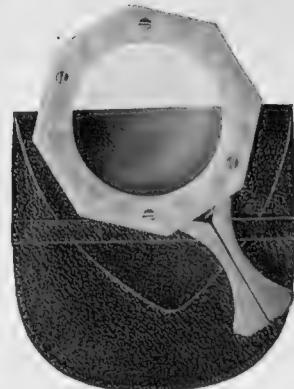
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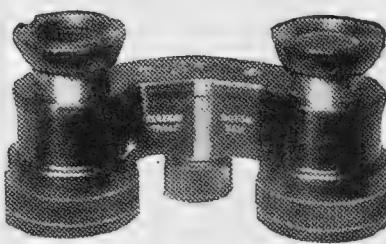
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Shoe Salons : Second Floor



Derry & Toms
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See it also in bronze kid.

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In black or white satin, for dyeing.

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Her Jacket is in proofed gabardine, snug fitting waist. In white, yellow, red, light blue. Sizes 34-40 bust. **49/6**

Her Trousers are also in proofed gabardine—very slick. In navy, black, brown, green. Sizes 24-32 waist. **49/6**

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Her Boots — in black or in brown **35/-**

Winter Sports Shop . . . second floor

Selfridge's

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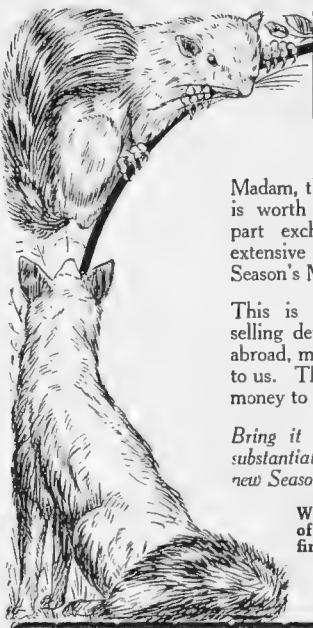
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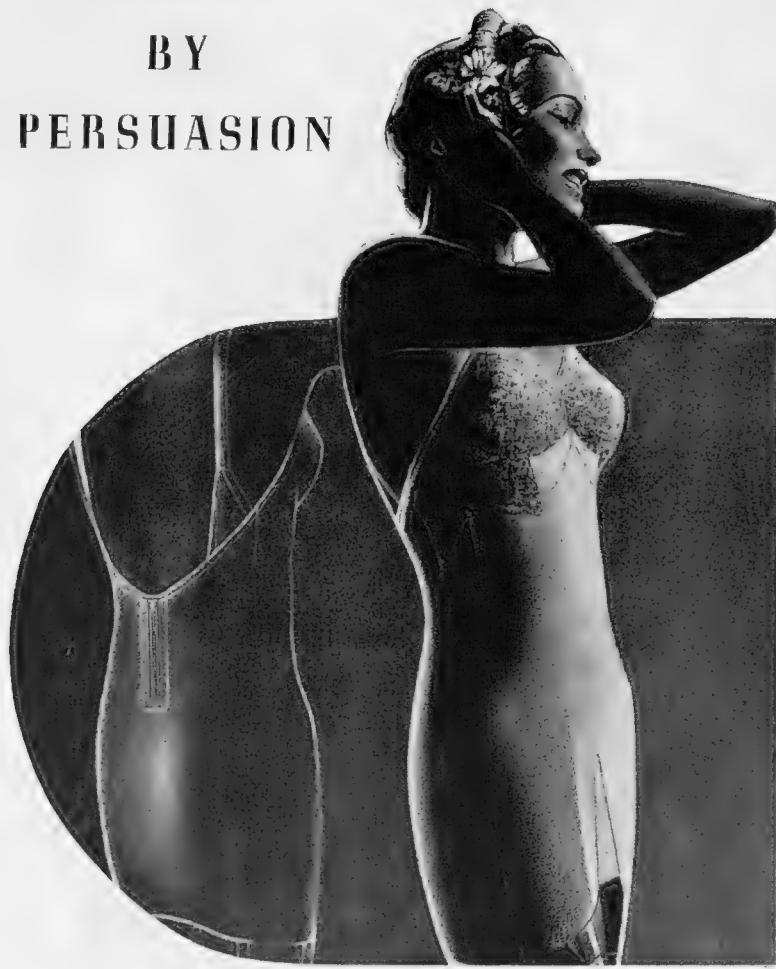
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Eye lines may be caused by laughter—by eye-strain—by the ordinary processes of age—or by a dry skin. Here your best friend is SKIN & TISSUE CREAM. It is free from heavy, waxy fats that cause the pores to swell and sag, yet it feeds to perfection the underlying tissues which, if left undernourished, would cause folds and wrinkles to show later.

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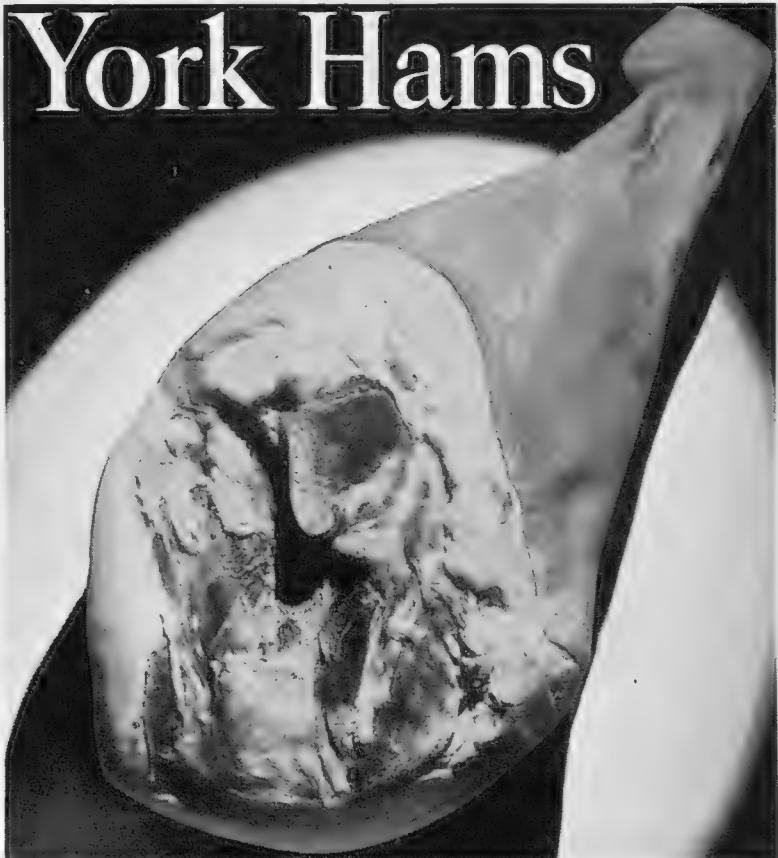
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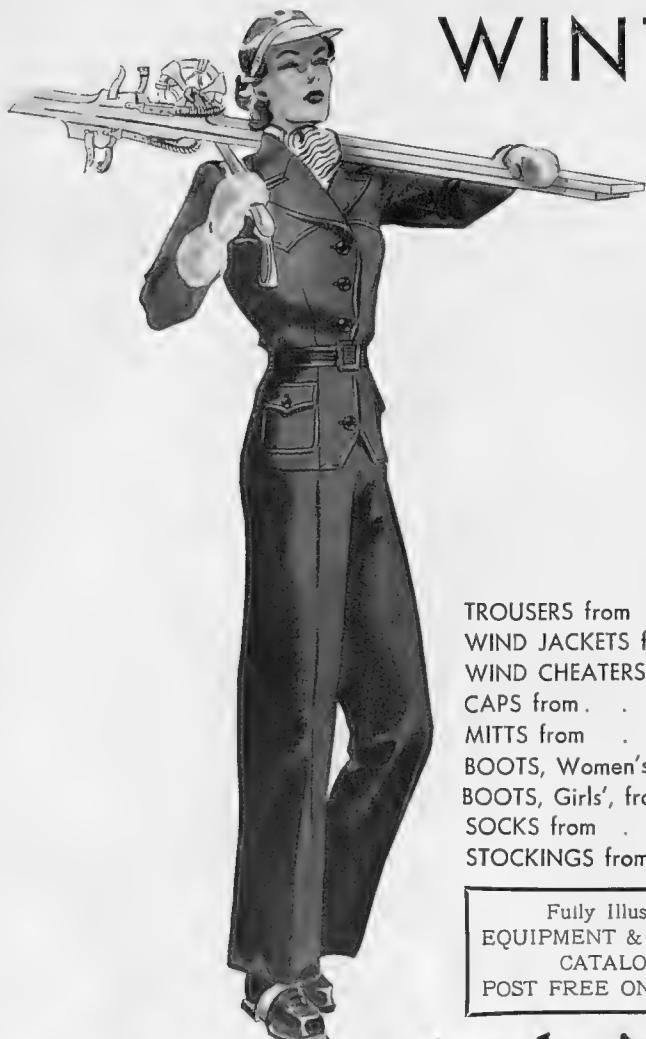
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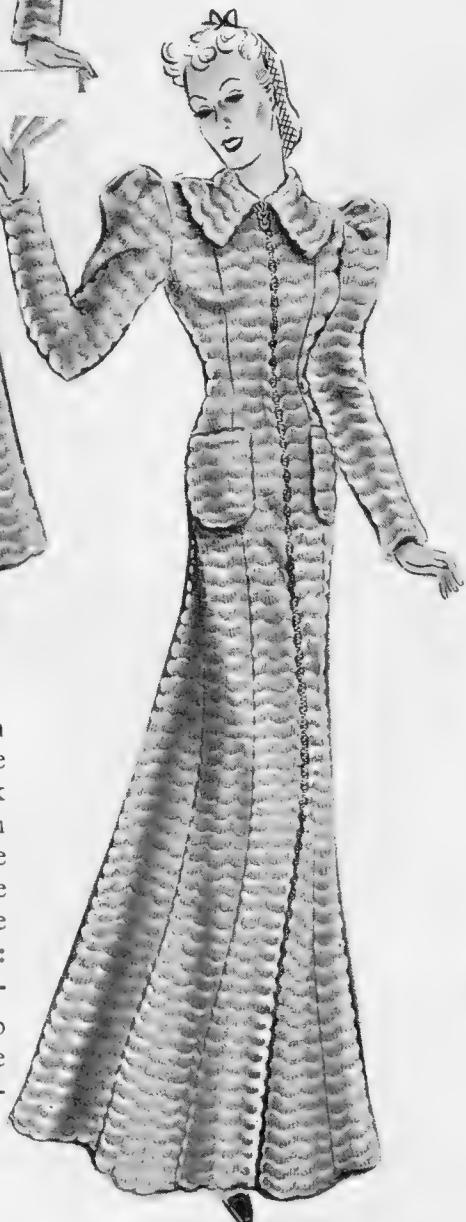
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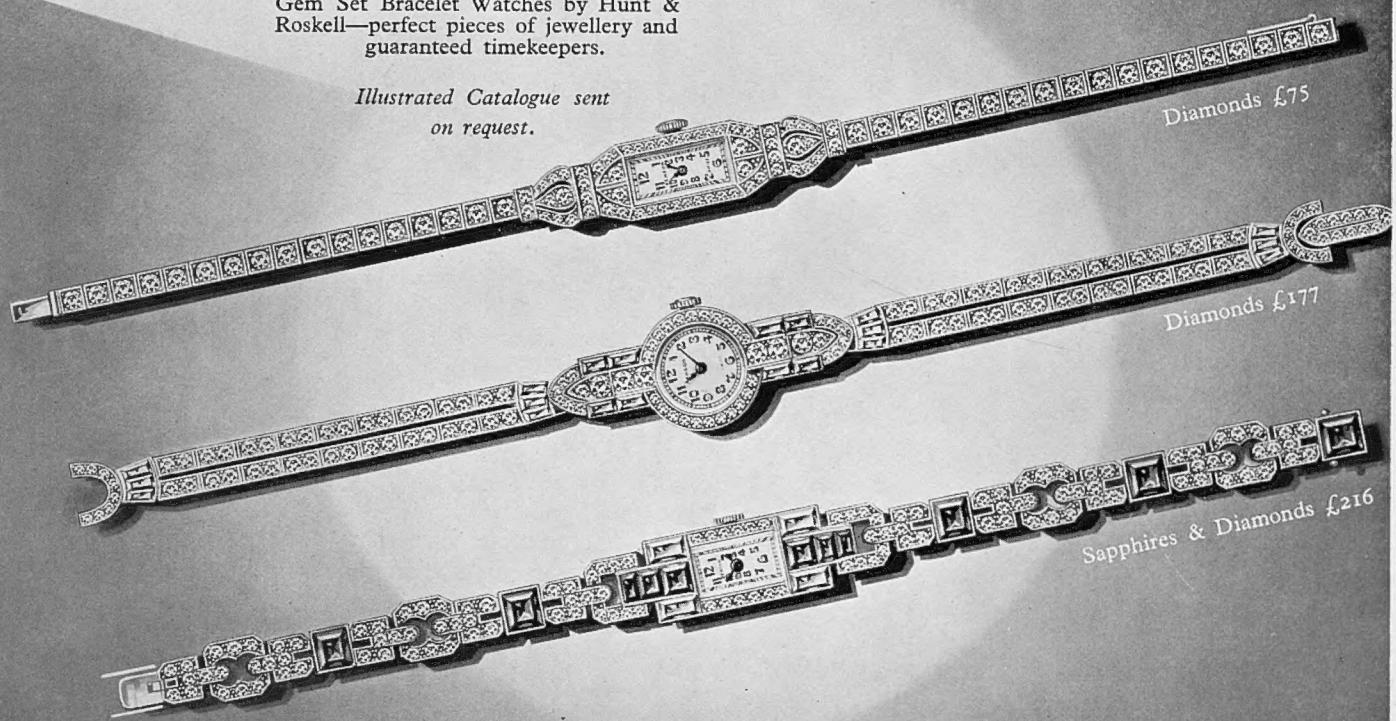
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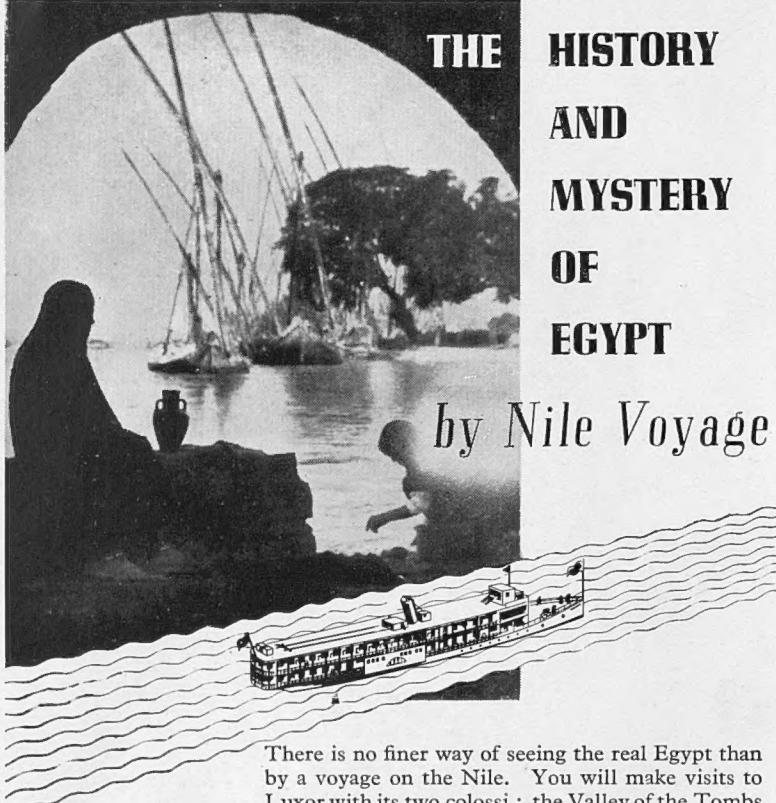
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